

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

YOKO ONO

# Rolling Stone

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**How  
Smashing  
Pumpkins  
Beat the  
Ticket  
Scalpers**

*Playing Politics  
With God*

**The  
Republicans  
and the  
Religious  
Right**

**Jennifer  
Aniston**

**The  
Girl  
Friend**







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# OBSESSION

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# RS729 ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

## ROCK & ROLL

### TICKET MASTERS *By Eric Boeblert* ..... 12

Smashing Pumpkins, Nine Inch Nails, the Black Crowes and Pearl Jam are beating the scalpers by using voucher-distribution systems to sell concert tickets. Is this the best rock can do to end its longest-running scourge?

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No one else in rock makes as much noise with so little ammunition. One band, indivisible, with jokes for all — that's what the Presidents of the United States of America are all about.

### JENNIFER ANISTON *By Rich Cohen* ..... 34

When she was 12 years old, Jennifer Aniston was sent to her room for having nothing to say. Fifteen years later, she's not just the girl of the moment; she's not just America's First Hairdo; she's *interesting*.

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**COVER:** Photograph of Jennifer Aniston by Mark Seliger, Los Angeles, January 1996. Hair by Chris McMillan for Profile. Makeup by Collier Strong for Cloutier/Stila. Styling by Robert Molnar. Props by David Ross



▶ PUSA'S CHRIS BALLEW PAGE 30 ▶





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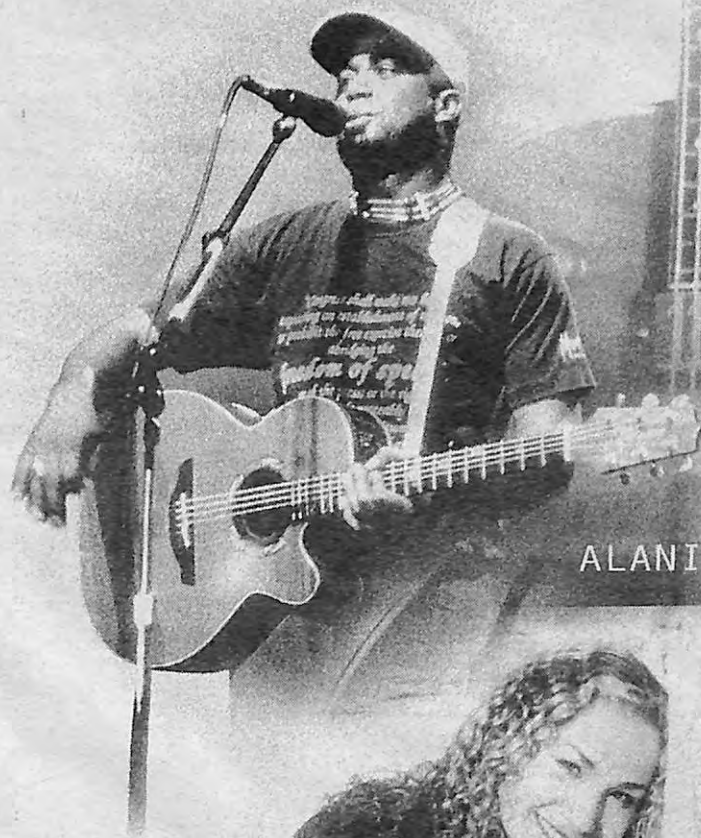
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# CORRESPONDENCE LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

WE'VE BEEN UNDERGOING AN ATTACK OF THE KILLER BEATLES FANS SINCE our Critics Poll named the group 1995's Most Unwelcome Comeback (RS 726). "Let me start by saying that I'm really pissed off," writes Michelle Pellone, who informs us that she was named after a Fab Four song but carelessly neglects to mention which one. Philly Frank writes, "Your bullshit magazine wouldn't exist if it weren't for the Beatles and the scene they created." Morgan Klein agrees, adding, "Had it not been for the Beatles, a good percent of the bands [that your critics] seemed to like would have nothing to play today." Oddly, no one mentions the fact that but for the Beatles, there would be no *Shining Time Station* or *Liverpool Oratorio*. Meanwhile, according to reader Susan Ullenberg, "word has circulated among knowledgeable Beatles followers" that plans for an RS cover story on the band were quashed by our "whiny, malevolent Generation X staffers." Would these be the same knowledgeable Beatles followers who believed that Paul was dead? Just asking.

## LIVE

I WAS THRILLED AND EXCITED TO finally see Live gracing the cover of *ROLLING STONE* (RS 726). Live are by far the best new band to come around for years, and Ed Kowalczyk is the most intriguing, passionate, and talented songwriter and frontman around. I am eagerly awaiting Live's next release and have faith it will be as beautiful and powerful as their past albums.

STEPHANIE LYNN SMITH  
Stow, Ohio

IT GOES TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW bad today's music scene really is when an extremely weak band like Live wins the readers' Artist of the Year poll.

JIM McALLEN  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH

I WAS AMAZED TO SEE HOW MANY readers are bashing Hootie and the Blowfish (Readers Poll, RS 726). The readers' "worsts" greatly overcame the "bests." What I don't understand is how this band



can sell more than 11 million albums, not to mention have a category named after it (Next Hootie and the Blowfish), and still have so many people who loathe it.

EVAN BENN  
York, Pa.

WHAT SWEET VINDICATION TO SEE your readers pan Hootie and the Blowfish repeatedly in this year's Readers Poll. Hootie blows, all right. What happened, guys? It's bad enough they were on the

radio every five minutes in '95, but did we have to see them so often in RS?

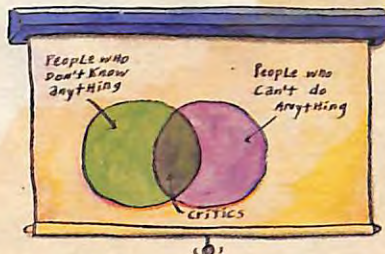
ANNE KLAVANS  
75553.1202@compuserve.com

## CRITICS POLL

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! I MUST SAY that it has been a while, if ever, since I have seen critics of any kind who know what the hell they're talking about (Critics Poll, RS 726). I commend you on your picks: PJ Harvey for Artist of the Year; PJ Harvey and Elastica for Best Album; Sonic Youth in second place for Best Band (finally some recognition); and the list goes on and on. I never thought I'd say this, but, "Readers, listen to the critics."

ERIC FOGG  
tripswitch@eworld.com

AS I WAS REVIEWING THE CRITICS' choices, I kept thinking, "Who the hell are these critics, anyway?" Just then, I flipped



and found the critics' names. Ah! And so neatly alphabetized for my convenience. Who are these people? Do these people wear some sort of critic badge, or have they been to Critics School de Siskel et Ebert? Sure, a few names are noteworthy, but not one mention of Live? At least your readers know when to take notice.

KRISTA EVANS  
Tulsa, Okla.

## ARTISTS' PICKS

IT APPEARS THE ARTISTS IN ARTISTS' Picks (RS 726) have bought into the RS mentality lock, stock and barrel. Did any-

one actually believe these "artists" owned or even listened to the CDs they listed? I suppose the artists felt they had to list obscure CDs to maintain their street credibility. Instead, they came off like actors who say they read heavy philosophical or historical tomes when they probably read Clancy and King just like the rest of us.

JAMES D. SPRIGGS  
Bulldogg1@aol.com

## ADVICE

THINK IT'S REAL NEAT AND ALL that you guys do all that cool stuff with the real popular bands, but I think that



maybe you should have someone different on the cover, like L7, Rancid or Elastica. I always see stuff like Green Day and Hole. I love Hole, but there is a bit of overpublicity going on there. I know you probably think I'm being bossy or snotty, but I really just thought that maybe I'd buy more if there was something different. You guys rock, and I feel like kissing you, whoever you are, so don't get me wrong.

CONCERNED READER  
mswayze@orca.gov.bc.ca

## SECOND HELPING

THANKS FOR ACKNOWLEDGING OUR volunteers ("Second Helping," RS 726). We are grateful to be able to enlist new backstage food rescuers from the article and are looking for others who want to help us in our fight against hunger here and abroad. We have our own Web site, which lists all participating bands in Rock and Wrap It Up! (<http://members.aol.com/rocknwrap>).

SYD MANDELBAUM  
Founder, Rock and Wrap It Up!  
ruler@delphi.com

## SABOTAGE

GENERALLY, Y'ALL ARE THE SHIT when it comes to music and the like, but you made a mistake on Page 17 of RS 726 in the cutline under the Beastie Boys picture. The man with the mike on the left is Mike D, not Ad-Rock. That is MCA on the right. Mistakes happen.

RACHEL FARKAS  
Ceeso@aol.com

## UPDATE

"A BOY AND HIS GUN" (RS 692) TOLD the story of two Sicklerville, N.J., teenagers who fell victim to the handgun plague. Threatened at school, 15-year-old Ernie Kalobius bought a revolver from his 18-year-old neighbor Rodney Wilson and, while showing it off, accidentally shot and killed 13-year-old Amanda Grenier.

At the time of Wilson's arrest for transferring a firearm to a minor, Camden County prosecutor Ed Borden pushed for the state's maximum sentence: three years in prison without parole. But following Borden's resignation, the county's new prosecutor, Joseph Audino, agreed to a plea bargain on Sept. 8, 1995. Wilson was sentenced to five years in jail but is eligible for parole in one year. Ernie Kalobius was sentenced in January 1994 to four years in the New Jersey Training School for Boys. After serving less than a year, Kalobius was released on Dec. 22, 1995.

Grenier's parents, Linda and Steve Horn, are disappointed with Wilson's plea bargain but vow to be present at his parole hearing next fall. Of Kalobius' early release, Steve notes, "Needless to say, it was not one of our Christmas wishes."

## ONLINE

**CONCERT CONNECTION** For an update on your favorite band's tour, check out Concert Connection on *ROLLING STONE ONLINE*, where you can search by band name, date, location or style of music. Go RS ONLINE, and then click on the ON THE ROAD button.

Call 800-521-3553 for one free month of CompuServe membership plus 10 free hours to explore RS ONLINE.

**WEB WATCH** If you can't enjoy music unless the stereo is cranked to the max, check out Hearnert, a Web site set up by Hearing Education and Awareness for Rockers (<http://www.hearnet.com>) to get information on the ill effects of loud music and how to prevent hearing loss. As Metallica's Lars Ulrich says, "Some people think earplugs are for wimps. But if you don't want to hear any records in five or 10 years, that's your decision."

Address your correspondence to the Letters Editor, *ROLLING STONE*, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298. By fax: 212-767-8214. By e-mail: 76702.2705@compuserve.com or [rollingstone@earthlink.net](mailto:rollingstone@earthlink.net). Include your address and telephone number. *ROLLING STONE* does not assume responsibility for unsolicited materials and will return only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Questions about subscriptions to *ROLLING STONE*? Call 800-568-7655, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. EST. For customer service outside the U.S. call 303-604-1465 (6 a.m. to 9 p.m. MST). To order back issues, send \$10 and issue number to Back Issues, PO Box 40, Vernon, NJ 07462.





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omewhere along the line I got a reputation that I'm not a dog to mess with. Which suits me fine. Because the last thing I want to do is fight. Doesn't solve a damn thing. Fact is, I will walk away from a scrap every time. See, I know if a dawg wants to go at it, he's got something to prove and nothing to lose. And I want no part of that.

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AP PHOTO PATRICK LIOTTA



DENNIS KLEIMAN-REINA

From left: Cibo Matto's Honda and Mibo Hatori gettin' down with Sean Lennon

**Madonna riled things up in Argentina when she arrived for the filming of *Evita*. Residents were irked that she'll portray Eva Perón, who is practically a saint there. Expertise in handling candle wax and crucifixes — what more do they want?**

**W**e were excited 'cause it felt like a big baby shower," says **CIBO MATTO's** keyboardist, **YUKA HONDA**, of their release party for *Viva! La Woman*. Huh? "We waited a year to release this album; it was like having a baby." (Liberal use of obscure foreign samples was to blame.) "But it was a good wait — all our friends came." In the house (deep breath!): **SEAN ONO LENNON**, **YOKO ONO**, **LOU REED**, **LAURIE ANDERSON**, **JON SPENCER** and **BOSS HOG's** **CHRISTINA MARTINEZ**.

# RANDOM NOTES

BY NILOU PANAHPOUR



BRIAN GARRITY

**M**inneapolis' most storied names convened for Choice Rocks Minnesota, a pro-choice shindig held at First Avenue, the town's premiere club. The eight-hour show featured **SOUL ASYLUM**, **HÜSKER DÜ** co-founder **GRANT HART**, **RUN WESTY RUN** and **GOLDEN SMOG**.

Dave Pirner (left) and Danny Murphy of Soul Asylum flank Grant Hart.

**T**he always subtle **HOWARD STERN** threw a birthday bash at New York's most inconspicuous dive, the Plaza Hotel. Late in the night he leapt onstage to jam with members of **BLUES TRAVELER** and **SPIN DOCTORS**. "We've been dying to interact with Stern," says Blues Traveler's **JOHN POPPER**. "The man is the philosopher of our age." Hmm.



DMI

Hemlock, anyone? Today's Socrates, Stern (left), and his disciple Popper.



ALBERT FERREIRA/REX USA

Don't you know who I am, damn it? Lou Reed is felt up.

**W**here's the cucumber? Couple-about-town **LOU REED** and **LAURIE ANDERSON** were among the hundreds who passed the metal-detector test at the New York Public Library to attend **SALMAN RUSHDIE's** reading of his latest novel, *The Moor's Last Sigh*. "It's always interesting to hear an author read," says Reed, "particularly this one, who has been sentenced to die. The closest I've come to anything like this was in Czechoslovakia. President [Vaclav] Havel introduced me to some dissidents who presented me with a book of my lyrics. If caught with the book, you'd go to jail." Reed, however, has never been threatened, "except by some vermin — like critics." Anderson and Rushdie bonded over punctuation.





**A frizzy Sammy Hagar (left) placed his John Hancock on a lucky fan's boobie at Fender Guitars' 50th anniversary concert, in Anaheim, Calif. The weekend-long big-hair extravaganza included performances by the Allman Brothers Band and Bonnie Raitt.**



*Baseball been bery, bery good to me: Morris, Monica and B-Real (from left).*

**E**ven weirder than catching CYPRESS HILL's B-REAL in a Little League uniform was watching him run. Puff! Puff! MTV's seventh annual Rock 'n' Jock softball game, held in Long Beach, Calif., with singer MONICA, BOYZ II MEN's NATE MORRIS, ALICE IN CHAINS guitarist JERRY CANTRELL and NAUGHTY BY NATURE's TREACH, among others, raised \$25,000 for the T.J. Martell Foundation for cancer, leukemia and AIDS research. "It was a different experience, because I never play baseball," says Monica. "We reversed the real way that you play, making it a lot

more fun than it would have normally been to me." Do the Majors have a suggestion box?

**A**n overcome NOTORIOUS B.I.G. spread the warmth at Def Jam's 10th-anniversary fete in New York. "It's dope that Def Jam has been down with hip-hop for so long," said B.I.G. "I've got a lot of love and respect for them." Cheers!



**S**omewhere, Newt Gingrich was OD'ing on Tums. Fighting the good fight at the Voters for Choice benefit concert honoring the 23rd anniversary of *Roe vs. Wade*, in Washington, D.C., were NATALIE MERCHANT, Nanci Griffith, JIMMIE DALE GILMORE and BRUCE HORNSBY. "It was great to be in their presence," says host GLORIA STEINEM of the artistes. "They are such smart, creative people." Adds Gilmore: "I don't get involved in politics, but democracy can be subverted in pretty subtle and strange ways, and I like to take a stand against it." He also dug the show: "Bruce Hornsby amazed me."



*Large and in charge: B.I.G. (left) and pal Partner*



*Our bodies, ourselves: Merchant (left) and Steinem*

## BUCK YOURSELF

A future remake of *Urban Cowboy* might see barfly John Travolta trading in his mechanical bull for a live one. Select honky-tonks out West are offering real bull riding to amateurs. For up to \$50, patrons who are over 18 and have not been drinking can attempt to "cover" — or ride the bull for eight seconds. "No one's ever been killed," says Barbara Lutz, manager at Mr. Lucky's, in Phoenix. "The bull's not trying to hurt you, but we do see broken bones, broken jaws, pieces of ears ripped off. One girl ruptured her spleen." No one seems too worried about possible litigation (riders sign a waiver). Besides, the wanna-be cowboys aren't out to sue. "You know the risk you take when you go in, but it's exciting," says Joe Christopher, 28, after a ride at Mr. Lucky's. "I've gone to rodeos since I was a kid, and I always wanted to be a participant rather than a spectator. These places enable you to do that." —DARCY LOCKMAN



ILLUSTRATION BY ROY HIRO CALLOWAY

## NOTABLE NEWS

**Trouble for SILVERCHAIR:** Two teenagers on trial in Montesano, Wash., for murdering the parents and the 5-year-old brother of one of the accused claimed that lyrics from Silverchair's "Israel's Son" inspired them to carry out the carnage. In a statement the band said it "absolutely rejects any allegations that the song is in any way responsible." ... **FREDRO and STICKY FINGAZ** of ONYX were arrested in Tempe, Ariz., for allegedly sexually harassing two women during a show. Apparently the rappers pulled the women onstage, then shoved the women's heads into the performers' groins while doing a song about oral sex. (Nice.) If convicted, they face one and a half to two and a half years in prison.



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C O O L W A T E R





# How Smashing Pumpkins, Nine Inch Nails and others thwart concert scalpers

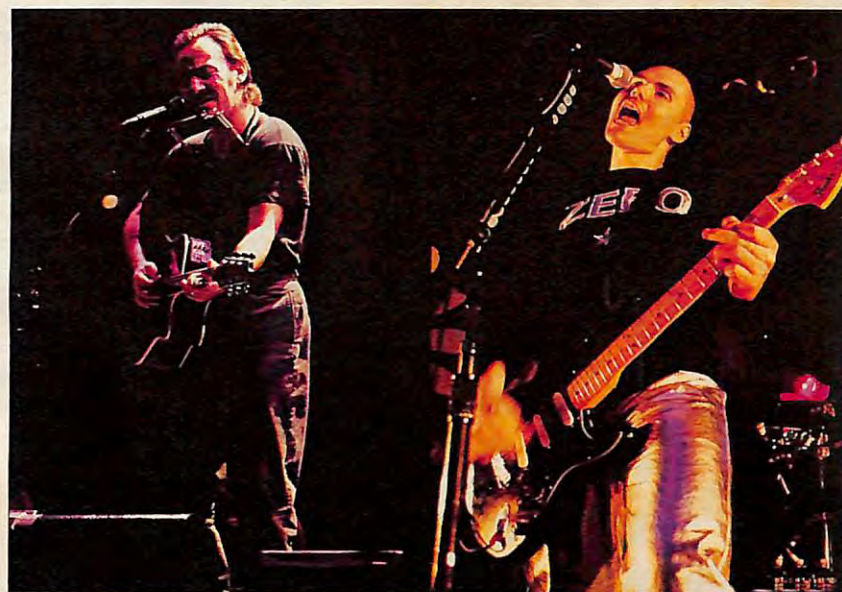
## ROCK & ROLL

# TICKET MASTERS

By Eric Boehlert

**L**AST DECEMBER, SPIRITED fans lined up behind the police barricades outside New York's 2,800-seat Beacon Theater, clutching hard-to-find tickets to Bruce Springsteen's first solo acoustic tour. Nearby, a swarm of in-your-face scalpers barked out the going price of \$200 a seat. A month later, the same sort of pre-show frenzy unfolded at New York's 1,500-person-capacity Academy Theater, where Smashing Pumpkins, supporting their million-selling *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*, were playing their own set of small-venue shows. But as the spillover crowd tried to navigate Times Square sidewalks buried by the blizzard of '96, scalpers were curiously absent. Thanks to an elaborate voucher-distribution system, it was virtually impossible to buy a ticket to the show and then sell it — or even give it — to anybody else. "We totally shut down scalpers," says the Pumpkins' co-manager Cliff Burnstein.

As rock's longest-running consumer scourge, scalping has become an accepted part of the concert scene. It's hard to pinpoint exactly how much business scalpers do, but the practice is so accepted that ticket brokers regularly meet with state legislators to lobby



*A tale of two tours: The small-theater tour by Springsteen (left) was a field day for scalpers, but Corgan and the Pumpkins shut them out.*

against anti-scalping laws. (Scalping is now outlawed in just 20 states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Massachusetts.) Now scalping is receiving fresh scrutiny from a new generation of rock acts including the Pumpkins, Nine Inch Nails, the Black Crowes and Pearl Jam, whose members recall what it was like to stand in line at the box office only to be told that the best tickets had all been snatched up.

"Being concerned about scalping is kind of a new issue," says Donna West-

moreland, who manages the 9:30 Club, in Washington, D.C., where the Pumpkins' tour also touched down. "First the boogeyman was Ticketmaster. Now it's scalpers. But it's a viable issue for artists to focus on. It beats taking out the brown M&M's," she says, referring to Van Halen's infamous tongue-in-cheek contract rider forbidding candies of that color backstage.

The ticket system the Pumpkins used in New York, Toronto, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and Wash-

ington, D.C., catered to motivated fans. In each city, local radio stations announced three hours in advance when and where \$25 cash-only tickets would go on sale. Tickets were limited to one pair per person, and fans needed to present identification when buying them. After paying, they received vouchers marked with their name and a corresponding number from their ID (whether it was a driver's license, a Social Security card or even a library card). The night of the concert, buyers' names and ID numbers were checked off a master list at the door, and everyone was given a commemorative ticket upon entering the hall.

"I was really happy on line, thinking, 'This is great — only true fans will go to the show,'" says Pumpkins fan Darryl Siry, of New York.

"I've been doing this for 20 years and, short of DNA testing, it's as close to a fail-safe way of doing it as I've seen," says Gary Cormier, general manager of Toronto's Phoenix Concert Theater, where the Pumpkins played on Jan. 2 and Jan. 3.

The Pumpkins' system, devised by bandleader Billy Corgan and first tested at Chicago's Double Door nightclub in early 1995, is a variation of a proven approach. As part of his small-hall tour in late '94, Eric Clapton teamed with Ticketmaster for a voucher-only system. But Clapton's tickets were available only by phone, thereby requiring a credit card, and sales were restricted to fans over the age of 20.

Three years ago, the Black Crowes



required fans purchasing tickets in the first 10 rows to sign for them and produce ID. Last fall, after their arena tour with David Bowie, Nine Inch Nails headlined a two-week club tour and sold vouchers with an ID system. "We wanted to make sure true fans got the tickets," says NIN manager John Malm.

Vouchers aren't without their problems. They are not only cumbersome — a source close to Clapton says his downsize tour was a "logistical nightmare" — but they're also costly for the venues. "If someone were to tell me this was where the trend in ticketing is going, I'd say we have a problem," Westmoreland says. The 9:30 Club had to

**"First the boogeyman was Ticketmaster," says one rock-club manager. "Now it's scalpers."**

pay six extra employees to monitor on-sale sites and had to open doors two hours earlier the night of the Pumpkins shows to verify IDs.

Tighter controls can also mean snafus. Siry says he was told by an Academy box-office employee that he could get in line again after buying his first pair of Pumpkins tickets. Later, the office of New York promoter Delsener/Slater called him to say that his second pair had been voided and that the company was keeping his \$50 because Siry had tried to "dupe" the company.

Despite the drawbacks, some frustrated Springsteen fans wish the singer had adopted a voucher plan for his tour supporting *The Ghost of Tom Joad*. Ticket sales "have just been really bizarre," says Josh Jacobson, a Minneapolis attorney who has seen some 40 Springsteen concerts in the past 15 years. In New York, wristbands were handed out at the Beacon to determine the order of sales, but fans claim that scalpers paid ringers \$5 to cut in line in full view of indifferent security personnel. At a Ticketmaster outlet at Tower Records in Chicago, fans started arriving before dawn. Random numbers were supposed to ensure all comers an equal shot at getting tickets, but people became convinced that the system was rigged when most of the first 25 "random" buyers all appeared to be homeless people from a nearby mission. In Austin, Texas, where a first-come, first-serve system was in place, brokers paid the homeless \$50 each to stand in line and buy tickets.

Springsteen has tried to offset woes by upgrading dozens of back-row tickets and putting blocks of tickets on sale at the last minute to thwart sidewalk scalping. "Bruce does care about the fans, and I think Bruce's organization has made some effort to stop scalpers," Jacobson says. "But I think they could have tried harder." Springsteen's managers declined to comment.

How do the scalpers do it? A former worker at a Ticketmaster outlet in Chicago says he routinely pocketed \$5 to \$15 for every ticket he funneled to scalpers, and he averaged 10 tickets per concert. A former employee for S.E.A.T.S. in Atlanta, which was eventually purchased by Ticketmaster, says experienced workers learned how to punch in customers' orders and then quickly void them so that tickets that were impossible to trace would be spit out and put aside for scalpers. A Ticketmaster spokesman says the company monitors its retail outlets for inconsistencies and cancels contracts whenever wrongdoing is uncovered.

Million-dollar lobbying campaigns launched by ticket brokers have paid dividends in Illinois and New Jersey, where legislators recently eliminated anti-scalping laws over the objections of consumer advocates. (Connecticut and New York lawmakers may soon follow suit.) New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman sided with brokers, arguing that legalizing scalping would actually drive down prices on resold tickets. These states now allow brokers to buy and sell tickets at any price as long as it's done from a business address and not the sidewalk in front of venues.

Promoters and scalpers blame one another for the troubles fans face in getting choice concert seats. Promoters lobby for tougher ticketing laws, insisting that scalpers gouge the public and damage the industry's reputation. Ticket brokers counter that promoters withhold the best seats for their own gain. "They're crying wolf and trying to use brokers as a scapegoat," says Barry Lefkowitz, executive director of the National Association of Ticket Brokers.

"We're trying to stay one step ahead of brokers; every time we come up with a plan, they figure it out," says Scott Gelman, vice president of Jam Productions, one of the Midwest's largest concert promoters. Like many companies, Jam is looking for a system that's foolproof and fairer than wristbands and lotteries. The sophistication displayed last year by Pearl Jam's ETM tickets — which came complete with the fan's name and address and a customized bar code — "forced everyone to look at the big picture of ticketing," Gelman says. "We're all in the business of having customers come back. But how many times can a kid get screwed before he stops coming back?"

*Additional reporting by Bill Wyman*

## THE GRAMMYS set up a secret panel to make nominations hipper

# FIXING THE VOTE

By Bill Wyman

**S**MARTING FROM YEARS OF contempt from critics for awards that are bland at best and boneheaded at worst, officials at the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences have been trying to make the Grammys more relevant. This year they instituted a secret 25-member committee to set aside some of the membership's more embarrassing nominations and replace them with more deserving artists.

Traditionally, the top five nominees in the big four categories — Record of the Year, Album of the Year, Song of the Year and Best New Artist — have been selected by an early polling of the group's 8,000 members, the majority of them musicians, songwriters and low-level industry professionals. Voters then picked a winner from among the top five nominees. The problems with this system are well-known: It has long rewarded big-selling mainstream pop artists like Toto, Quincy Jones and Christopher Cross while slighting important rockers like Bruce Springsteen and Nirvana.

This year the academy's new committee looked at the top 20 vote getters in each category, then selected five final nominees. The thinking was that drawing five names from the larger pool would allow the committee to give a boost to deserving acts and weed out those that were chosen simply because of commercial accomplishments or nostalgia value. "We're not here to award popularity," says NARAS president Michael Greene. "I think we're going to see nominations much more based on excellence as opposed to the lowest common denominator."

Did the new process help? Pearl Jam's *Vitalogy* made it into the Album of the Year category, but otherwise the key categories were stocked with bland pop superstars like Mariah Carey and Michael Jackson. NARAS sources say that the key to appreciating the new

system is knowing what *didn't* make it. Two casualties: Disney's *Pocahontas* soundtrack and the Eagles' *Hell Freezes Over* live album.

While Alanis Morissette's six nods might seem a bit outré for the staid academy, they're overshadowed by the fact that PJ Harvey's *To Bring You My Love*, the most critically acclaimed album of the year, got only two minor nominations. The members of the secret committee may be no more in touch with rock's cutting edge than the general membership. "It's a distinguished group — some of the most well-



Grammy guy: NARAS' Michael Greene

respected people in the industry" is all Greene will say.

The organization isn't being bombarded with complaints about the new committee, but there are rumblings of dissent. "If it's a democratic vote, then it's a democratic vote," says one disgruntled NARAS member. "This politburo going over the head of the membership doesn't seem right." Others are more philosophical. "Something to stop the older members from embarrassing the academy as they have in the past sounds like a good idea," says another veteran member of the organization. "It does take away a bit from the democratic process, but that's a small trade-off and probably worth having as a safeguard."



## THE FUGEES score one for positivity

# GOOD VIBRATIONS

By David Sprague

**A**S THEY HUDDLE IN A tight circle, discussing business strategies and lapsing into French and creole when touching upon particularly sensitive topics, the members of the Fugees could pass for young international executives as easily as they could for rising hip-hop stars. The trio betrays none of the stylistic clichés that have come to characterize the popular image of rappers, unless you consider the *New York Times* – a copy of which seems to be demanding Prakazrel "Pras" Michel's full attention – to be the latest in street accessories. But the Fugees are, nonetheless, authentic emissaries from the hood.

"There's a trend to be nonintelligent and to think the only way you can achieve power is in some mafioso way," says Lauryn Hill, whose strong, supple voice goes a long way toward defining the Fugees' loping sound. "But it's not all the kids' fault. There are kids into hip-hop who want to do something creative. Whether the record industry wants to support them is another question. Those people are only exposing the side they want seen."

The side presented by the Fugees is largely a positive one, as evidenced by the summer-in-February vibe of the infectious blinged-out single "Fu-Gee-La." But delve beneath the surface of the band's second album, *The Score*, and you'll find a wealth of zealous social commentary. The group, augmented by collaborators like Ras Baraka, the son of the activist and poet Amiri Baraka, trades off couplets that decry the abuse of authority by figures as varied as the police, gangstas and greedy utility companies. The jaunty, jazzy beats might mark *The Score* as alternative rap, but the messages prove it's not an alternative to rap.

"Hip-hop is whatever you are; it doesn't have to mean walking around looking as mean as you can and grabbing yourself," says Wyclef "Clef" Jean, who formed the group with his cousin Michel and has been characterized as its visionary. "Real hip-hoppers can see right through you – see if you're from the hood. It's like being in jail: When you walk in there, everybody can tell if they're gonna fuck you or not."

Jean, who emigrated from Haiti at the



The Fugees channel the ghetto vibe: Clef Jean, Pras Michel and Lauryn Hill (from left).

age of 9, spent a good portion of his formative years in the Marlboro housing project, in Brooklyn, N.Y., which is a grim sprawl tucked against the creek that forms Coney Island's northern border. The fact that his father was a minister helped keep some street temptations at bay, but as a safeguard, his mom bought him a guitar, which inspired him to channel what he calls the "ghetto vibe," exuded by his personal holy trinity of Thelonus Monk, Jimi Hendrix and Bob Marley. Then came Jean's immersion in rap music.

"Pras and I started doing hip-hop, and when I'd come back from the studio, I'd get a whipping from my dad, 'cause I was playing devil music," Jean says of the early days of the Fugees. (That was back before the now-defunct New Wave band Translator sued Jean and Michel to stop them from using their original moniker, the Tranzlator Crew.) Hill hooked up with the cousins when she was still a high

school freshman. She rolls her eyes when thinking about their early material, and she sings a few bars of the crew's multilingual Monkeesesque theme song as a goof. The tune is admittedly pretty lame, but her voice is strong enough to attract attention from every corner of the Caribbean grill in downtown Manhattan where we're dining.

An excited middle-aged woman recognizes the pixieish Hill from one of the better-known acting roles on her lengthy résumé and approaches the table. "Sister Act 2, right?" the woman asks, prompting giggles from the singer and some ribbing from her band mates. Hill's career juggling – in addition to balancing acting and music, she's an undergraduate at New York's Columbia University – helps explain the three-year pause separating *The Score* from the Fugees' debut, *Blunted on Reality*. The Fugees also used the time between albums to escape from

their original production contract. While their first album was well received, Jean contends that it wasn't representative of the group's vision.

"We wanted to make a record real bad," Jean says. "By any means necessary. If somebody said, 'Don't do anything but scream,' we probably would have done it."

This time around, the Fugees hunkered down in Booga Basement, a studio they set up themselves in East Orange, N.J.,

and were unencumbered by outside influences or producers. The results are more unrestrained, from harsh attacks like the streetwise "Beast" to a rhapsodic revamp of Bob Marley's "No Woman, No Cry" (a fitting choice, since Pras says that he models his own distinctive production style on the sounds of Tuff Gong, the legendary Kingston, Jamaica, studio). "We decided we weren't going to let anyone limit us by telling us we couldn't do something," Jean says. "If I want to get a real jungle vibe or a vibe like Pink Floyd, I'm gonna do it."

True products of the '80s, the Fugees can rattle off lists of listening pleasures ranging from the ridiculous (like Jean's fondness for the Outfield) to the sublime (a shared love of the dub singles that emanated from Brooklyn's meaner streets). "People think – if you come from an urban environment – you're isolated or something,"

Hill says as she nibbles a vegetable pilfered from Michel's unguarded plate. "But we can flip on you. Back in the '80s, we'd break-dance to Tears for Fears."

In the beginning, such sonic schizophrenia worked against the Fugees. Other than an amiable minor hit, "Nappy Heads," *Blunted on Reality* captured little of the trio's kinetic, instrument-swapping live shows. But even though *The Score* is similarly diverse, drifting from the '50s pop samples of "Zealots" to the state-of-the-street beats of the provocative "Mask," the Fugees benefit from a new-found focus. "This is definitely the most together we've ever been, because it's all us this time," Jean says. "That's what the album is all about – like one of those old movies where people planned and planned before making the big score. That's how we look at this: our way of getting over the right way, with self-respect, with skills and with brains."





VERSACE PRESENTS  PHOTOGRAPHED BY AVEDON



VERSACE









Q

ment building on New York's Central Park West looks almost cheerful on a sunny autumn day. Inside, Studio One — the downstairs office Yoko Ono retains along with the upstairs apartment she shared with Lennon — is buzzing; phones are ringing, faxes are clicking, and a small, close-knit staff is more than busy, almost harried. Although new art exhibits, several ambitious retrospective shows and work on an off-Broadway musical have kept Ono and her assistants hopping for the past several years, lately things have grown even more lively.

*Rising*, Ono's first new album since 1985 and her most confident and compelling music since the Plastic Ono Band days, finds her working for the first time with an independent band, IMA, led by her son, Sean Ono Lennon. Having recently made their concert debut with a performance in an ancient shrine near Hiroshima, Japan, Ono and IMA are considering the possibility of American dates. Ono, somehow unchanged, even ageless, settles on the couch for a long, sometimes intensely emotional conversation.

**Musical expectations of John Lennon's son are bound to be high; before going into this collaboration, you must have had some doubts.**

Yes. I was hesitant at first. Sean and I get along very well. I didn't want that to turn into two musicians arguing about music! And I didn't want to ruin his debut or to look like I was using him. When I started, I told Sean, "I think I'm going to go with session musicians; they're more reliable." But Sean kept saying, "Let us do it." So I did some jamming with IMA, and I found out they understood my music so well.

**Sometimes in the past, musicians smoothed the rough edges of your music, tempering that raw intensity I always found so attractive.**

When I went into the studio with IMA, the first words that came out of my mouth were, "I'm dying," and there was a moment when I thought, "Maybe I should shelve this, it's pretty rough," meaning that Yoko screaming and

shouting thing. It was a kind of self-censoring mechanism. Sean guessed what I was thinking, and he said, "Look, Mom, you can be yourself now." That kept me going. In a way, working with IMA reminded me of going back to the Plastic Ono Band, "Why," "Why Not" — that period. They were listening; they were sensitive. "Rising" would never have happened even with the Plastic Ono Band; there's such an incredible rapport, it's like every note is perfect.

**Seems to me your improvisational singing has grown more controlled, more musical. How else have you changed since those first '60s recordings?**



YOKO ONO

BY ROBERT PALMER

In the early days, I was more eager to push things. I was cocky and young. Now, it's more like wanting to sit back and bring out something from the deepest part of my soul. That has a lot to do with the seriousness of the things I've experienced. John and I tended to feel we knew everything — the feeling that we had it down. In some ways we were humble, but there was arrogance in us, too, and this idealism. Then, suddenly John passed away, and I was facing Sean, who said, "You were always saying there's nothing you can't do in the world, but we can't have Daddy come back, can we?" And he was crying. I felt terrible about that. Maybe all that idealism, telling him how beautiful the world is — we might

have been totally wrong. So trying to start approving of yourself and loving yourself again — it's hard.

**"Revelations" seems to deal with that — learning to live with your less-endearing qualities. I don't think I've heard anyone say, "Bless you for your greed," before.**

We all suffer from feeling guilty because of various natural emotions that we have. It's like feeling we can't mention going to the bathroom. Each emotion I put in the song is considered a no-no, an emotion we're supposed to hide or repress. I'm saying you have to confront it and love it — love all of you. So despite the sweet melody, it's a very rebellious song.

**You wrote that making your album "served as a purging of [your] anger, pain and fear." You mentioned the tragedy of AIDS, but you also mentioned the song "Kurushi," where you were surprised to hear yourself crying out to your mother.**

[After a pause] Like any mother and daughter, we had a rough time relating. There was some miscommunication, and Mother became a sore subject for me. I felt I never wanted to be anybody's mother, even to some extent after I had [my daughter] Kyoko. Maybe that had a lot to do with the fact that I lost her. Then later, when John and I came back together after being apart for a while, I felt it was really right for us to have this child [Sean]. But I think the mother thing was still a struggle to me. Suddenly I'm calling to my mother after half a century, asking her to communicate. When I make music, I'm totally open and vulnerable, so all these things come out.

**A recent documentary about your art had a lot about the Beatles and virtually nothing about your career. Do you wonder whether your artistic reputation is ever going to emerge from John's shadow?**

I'm not resentful. Besides, that was a very important part of my life. Sean is a very important part of my life. So while John Cage and that Fluxus circle of artists were a great inspiration, at this point the only two people I feel really deeply indebted to are John and Sean. Because they come from a totally different direction, in the sense that they come with love. In terms of collaborating, they were, and are, very special.



# Raves

D'ARCY

OF SMASHING PUMPKINS

**Cemeteries** There's one, way out in the country where I live, that we ride to on our horses. It's fun because the grounds are so nicely kept. You don't have to worry about holes in the way — unless someone's digging one for somebody.

**Children's books** I read children's books more than adult ones. I bring a copy of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* with me, wherever I go. It's twisted. I cried when Dr. Seuss died, and I love Maurice Sendak. I don't know if Edward Gorey is for children — maybe children that are all cut up.

**Duran Duran** I don't know if I should admit this. I wasn't a groupie or anything — I wanted to be them. John Taylor had the best bass lines. Fucking rock solid, man. He uses some stupid guitars, but he's good.

**Cartoon Network** *Space Ghost* and that praying mantis thing — they're so funny. It's not for kids — they wouldn't appreciate it.

**Katharine Hepburn** She's my idol. I feel I could talk to her forever. She'd probably be annoyed, but at least she'd tell me. She'd say, "Get the hell out of here." At the end of her book there's this picture of her now in her garden. She's smiling, holding this little sign that says, "Please Go Away."

**"I Love You, Alice B. Toklas"** *Hy Averbach* Smoke pot, watch that movie, and you'll die laughing. Peter Sellers is hysterical.

**"Star Trek" and "The X-Files"** I'm a big *Star Trek* fan, but I'm not into the conventions or the ears or anything like that. I'm surprised they put *The X-Files* on the air, because all the theories on there are so close.

**The Flaming Lips** They're all very cool. Their records kept me sane during the Lollapalooza tour and all that crap.

**Catherine** They're mixing their new record right now, and it will be amazing, but people will think I'm saying it because they're my husband's band.





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# POP TARTS



*Matthews: A classically trained trumpeter turned solo indie rocker*

**By Jim DeRogatis**

**T**HE ROCK UNDERGROUND has long been obsessed with the aesthetics of ugly — or noise for noise's sake. Rather than building the now-familiar wall of chaotic guitars, a growing number of groups is drawing inspiration from the lushly orchestrated sounds of the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*, Nick Drake's *Five Leaves Left* and albums by the Left Banke, Burt Bacharach and Love. In this era of non-stop sensory assaults, a little beautiful music couldn't be more welcome.

Rachel's of Louisville, Ky., who record for an offshoot of the noise-rock haven Touch and Go, feature punk veterans playing minimalist instrumentals on piano, viola and cello. Chicago's Yum-Yum decorate simple pop songs with mellotron and strings. And England's Tindersticks use a variety of instruments to turn their Leonard Cohen-style tunes into dramatic mood pieces. But the most inventive of

these symphomaniacs are Richard Davies and Eric Matthews.

Working together as Cardinal, Davies and Matthews crafted an album that was one of the strongest releases of 1994, complete with arrangements elaborate enough to make George Martin blush. Late last year, Matthews released his solo debut, *It's Heavy in Here*, which includes songs like "Fanfare" and "Fried Out Broken Girl," majestic rockers in the mold of the Beatles' "Penny Lane" and "For No One." While he still uses dramatic trumpet and piano flourishes, Davies' latest, *There's Never Been a Crowd Like This*, is more stripped down, with the emphasis on his lilting vocals and impressionistic lyrics. "Do you see the color of my dream?/The music pours out of Steve," he sings in "Sign Up Maybe for Being," a song about jamming with Flaming Lips drummer Steven Drozd.

Davies first appeared on the scene in the early '90s as the leader of the Moles, psychedelic garage rockers who came together at college in Sydney, Australia. "We were an old punk band with an intellectual bent, which really destroyed our



chances of communicating with anybody," Davies says, laughing. *Melody Maker* ran a rave review of the group's first album, *Untune the Sky*, and the band relocated to London in the hope of capitalizing on the good publicity. Things didn't quite work out as planned. "We all wound up working the night shift in a factory, packing copies of the *Fievel Goes West* video on a conveyor belt," Davies says. "It was real Dickensian."

The Moles disbanded, and Davies moved to the United States, settling in his wife's hometown of Boston. In early '94, he recorded one last album under his old band's moniker, using a cast of guest musicians. Released on the small Seattle indie Flydaddy Records, the horn-driven *Instinct* is the album Davies always hoped the Moles would make, a cross between Pink Floyd's *Piper at the Gates of Dawn* and Love's *Forever Changes*.

Two months later, Davies started on an even more ambitious project. Bob Fay, a Moles fan and drummer with the indie heroes Sebadoh, introduced Davies to Matthews, a native of the blue-collar suburb of Gresham, Ore. Matthews had studied trumpet at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, but he abandoned his grand ambitions of playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra when he was distracted by that city's rock scene. Davies and Matthews shared similar musical influences and the goal of making an old-fashioned, baroque-pop record.

The result, *Cardinal*, is made up mostly of fragile, soul-searching tunes that Davies had been saving since his early days in London. Matthews added elaborate and moving scores and his smoky baritone vocals. Theirs was an inspired pairing, but there was dissonance behind the lulling tones. "There was an intense relationship," says Davies. "There's good and bad about that." Adds Matthews: "It was fruitful, but Richard and I pretty much intended on making only one record together. He's more comfortable being his own boss, really."

Although he makes a point of saying how much he hates grunge and the Seattle sound, Matthews signed to Sub Pop Records. The hardest part of making *It's Heavy in Here* was finding string players in Oregon. "Portland is not a very strong music town," he says. "It would have been a lot easier in New York or L.A." The modish 26-year-old sang, conducted, and played recorder, harpsichord, organ and trumpet; former Jellyfish member Jason Falkner engineered and added guitar. Unfortunately, Matthews lacks Davies' flair for fanciful wordplay, and the lyrics of

some songs sound like sophomore poetry. But Matthews is nothing if not immodest. "There are certainly other arrangers who would have been more capable, but it wouldn't be as much me," he says. "I'd hope it communicates a special language."

One drawback of being an orchestral rocker is that you can't travel lightly. Matthews is reluctant to hop in a van and tour rock clubs, but he hopes Sub Pop will advance him enough money to take a "small" group of 20 musicians on the road to play theaters or performance spaces. Davies notes that he has released more albums in the last few years than he has played gigs, although he did make a high-profile appearance last fall at the CMJ music festival in New York, fronting a guest backing band, the Flaming Lips. Davies is now back in Sydney, learning how to surf at age 31 and waiting for Flydaddy to release the latest and sparest of his musical adventures.

"I spent a lot of time with the Moles recording lots of layers of electric razors and transvestite prostitutes," Davies says.



Alone again, naturally: A post-Moles Davies

"You write a song and overdub lots of weird stuff on it. The *Cardinal* thing was, you write a song and then put lots of layers of musical overdubs on it. This [album] was a case of trying to keep what I loved about the original compositional line, whether I wrote it on piano or guitar."

Davies and Matthews both say they're blissfully unaware of musical trends. Though they wouldn't mind if others followed in their paths, they say they're drawn to orchestrated sounds because the appeal is timeless. "If you want to know what was on my mind regarding the shape of the music," Davies says, "I'd really like to be making music that I'm totally comfortable hearing at age 56." 🎵

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A full-page photograph of a person in a yellow kayak on a dark blue body of water. The sky is filled with large, dramatic clouds in shades of blue and grey. The horizon is a straight line across the middle of the image.

For once, go too far.

Hell, I'm barely



Till home is 4 hills, 2 mountains and a nice oak forest away.

Till the shoreline is a tiny row of fuzzy peaks.

Till the ground is way way way the hell down there.

You won't be stuck.

Your body is good at this kind of thing.

Let it climb, paddle, break into a jog, get into a rhythm and  
while it's at it, yodel.

Fear will give way to wonder.

And the next time you reach that point,  
you can look back and say to yourself:

out of the backyard.



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Lesley Rankine of Ruby co-creates a trip-hop dirge you can dance to.

**RUBY** sparkle with their bleak bravado

# RUBY DOOMSDAY

By Jancee Dunn


**L**ESLEY RANKINE DOESN'T think people who need people are necessarily the luckiest people in the world. "I've given up on the rest of the human race," the lead singer of the trip-hop duo Ruby carps. To wit: Rankine fled from her former base of London to Seattle because she kept getting into brawls on the street. "I hate London," she rails. "People are really negative and cynical. Someone will come up and say something nasty, and the only point is to make your day a misery."

As the former singer-screamer of the testosterone-laden U.K. band Silverfish,

Rankine also had a bit of a reputation as a shaven-headed badass, given to wearing T-shirts sporting the band's slogan, **HIPS TITS LIPS POWER**. Now with the seductive meld of doom-laced dance, R&B and industrial on Ruby's new album, *Salt Peter*, she's softened. Sort of. "I'm more content, maybe because Ruby is my project and I have the ultimate veto," the 30-year-old Scot says sweetly. "All I'm interested in is being myself." Her voice rises. "I detest somebody trying to manipulate me. How I present myself—how I write songs, how I sing—is my job. Get the fuck out of it."

Rankine's lyrics, which she often writes with band mate Mark Walk, are as biting and refreshingly blunt as she is. Consider the chilly dirge "Salt Water Fish": "If I could taste your salty head/And pick your dead hair from my eyes/Let you smell the

in a dress and do your nice little songs." She cackles. "It's like 'Weekly weekly, you're about to get a big surprise!'"

On tour with Ruby this month, Rankine plans to listen to "good music and good songwriters" (your Joni Mitchells, your Simon and Garfunkels). And though she has recently been vocal about her pressing need to get laid (sample quote: "I'm starting to get really, really jittery"), she has changed her tune. "I've got a computer now, so I don't have to get laid," she says breezily. "And computers don't snore, which is a bonus. And their feet don't smell. And they don't fart on your leg in the middle of the night." Plus, she might lose her edge. "I'd be far too content." The cackle erupts again. "The last time I fell in love, which was years ago, I didn't write a line of lyrics the whole time." 

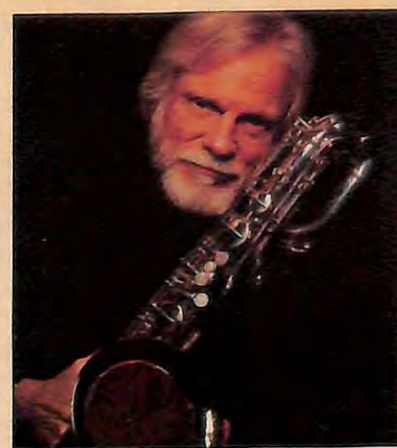
sweet despise." Then there's "Paraffin," a languid tune about a suitor who gets trapped in Rankine's vaginal fluids. "It's about people who take love or sex under false pretenses, and all you get left with is the smell," she says matter-of-factly. And who knew the former screecher Rankine had such a silky voice? It slinks through a hodgepodge of styles. Hell, there's everything but bluegrass.

Rankine heeded the musical call early, singing in a choir conducted by her granddad. A "painfully shy" child, she was ostracized by classmates. "I was the kid in hand-me-downs," she says. "My scarf wrapped around my head three times, and it still dragged on the ground. When I walked onto the playground, it was like the parting of the Red Sea. Everyone thought I was a bit of a weirdo." But the creative world is populated by schoolyard weirdos. "It teaches you to think for yourself," Rankine says.

Rankine and Walk met when they collaborated in the industrial thrash group Pigface in the late '80s. In 1994 the duo headed to Seattle and spent months driving around the countryside, cooking ("I'm crap at it," she says. "I follow recipes and end up with liquid and one potato") and discussing the album. Or as Rankine puts it, "philosophizing about the social ramifications of this chord followed by that chord." They christened their project Ruby, the name shared by their grandmothers; salt-peter, the album's namesake, is a component of dynamite as well as an additive used in prisons and the military to quash male sex drives.

Along the way, Rankine discovered her more... womanly side. "You have a right to be sexy and demure and still be taken seriously as a talented, intelligent artist," she says. "The attitude some have is that I'm a puppet to be sat onstage

## TRIBUTE



Gerry Mulligan 1927-1996

**G**ERRY MULLIGAN, IT was said, loved to play so much that if asked, he would've jammed with a group of Shriners. It never came to that, but in a career that spanned five decades, Mulligan did share time with, among others, Chet Baker, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Wynton Marsalis, Thelonious Monk and Astor Piazzolla. The baritone saxophone's most distinctive stylist, he also made jazz history by leading ingenious ensembles, as well as composing and arranging. Mulligan died at age 68 on Jan. 20 in Darien, Conn., from complications following surgery for a knee infection.

After precocious success writing for late swing-era big bands, Mulligan fell in with a group of musicians and arrangers who altered the sound of bebop, the prevailing jazz style of the late '40s. Mulligan's style, with its plush yet airy tonal feel, was integral to Miles Davis' *Birth of the Cool* recordings. In the early '50s, Mulligan further solidified and popularized the "cool" sound of West Coast jazz through the work of his quartet, which included Baker on trumpet. Together they revolutionized the genre by jettisoning the use of chordal instruments—a conception that led the way for the more radical aesthetic of Ornette Coleman.

The resourcefulness of his subsequent bands and recordings made Mulligan an enduring jazz star. With his Lincoln-esque physique and his red hair—in later years, arctic white—Mulligan became a familiar sight at concerts around the world, spinning out gorgeously lyrical lines on an instrument almost as tall as he was. "He was unique," says guitarist John Scofield, who played on 1995's *Dragonfly*, one of Mulligan's most lauded recordings. "He was one of the first to be totally versatile as a composer, improviser, orchestrator and arranger." —STEVE FUTTERMAN





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**HOME ALIVE** unites the Seattle music community while teaching self-defense

# SAFE & SOUND

**W**HAT AM I DOING?" asks Valerie Agnew of 7 Year Bitch, seated in a Seattle bistro and frantically trying to make order out of a chaotic mess of press releases, tour schedules and phone messages. "I'm a drummer, not a fucking concert promoter."

Nevertheless, Agnew is doing her best to organize a benefit concert on the opposite coast, in New York. She's one of dozens of Seattle residents donating their time, energy and music to Home Alive, a self-defense organization whose goal is literally to get women home alive.

The group is the only good thing to come out of the 1993 rape and murder of singer Mia Zapata, a case that remains unsolved. After Zapata's death, some of her friends, including Agnew, singer Gretta Harley and visual artists Jessica Lawless and Stacey Wescott, came together to grieve. Then they decided to try to do something to prevent other women from getting hurt. "We had so much energy, we had to focus it, to put it somewhere," Agnew says.

"It was important to me to respond in some way," adds Lawless, who went to college with Zapata. "I was pissed off, I was scared, and I was hurt. This was something to do. We had no idea it would turn into this."

Home Alive now provides three or four self-defense classes a week in addition to occasional week-long seminars, all of which are taught at the group's classroom and workout space in downtown Seattle. Classes are open to everyone, and funding has come largely from Seattle's music community. "We did benefits to fund self-defense," says Harley, who twice last year had to use techniques she learned through Home Alive. "We didn't necessarily have a charitable mentality. We're not altruistic. We're working toward [protecting] ourselves and our community."

About a year and a half ago, Home Alive decided to put together an album. The artists who contributed include Pearl Jam, the Presidents of the United States of America, Soundgarden, the Posies, and Ann and Nancy Wilson; many of them wrote material especially for the project. Zapata is present on the album with a song she recorded on her own and another with her band, the Gits; the sur-



*Lawless, Harley and Zoe Bermet (from left) hone their skills at the Home Alive classroom, in Seattle.*

living band mates contribute another song under their new moniker, the Dancing French Liberals of '48. The album also includes spoken-word artists such as Jello Biafra, Lydia Lunch, Exene Cervenka and Jim Carroll. "Having spoken word was important to us because it's been a large part of what goes on here," Agnew says. "And we went for a cross section of bands. We're happy to have the Presidents and Pearl Jam, but we wanted to get out some of the lesser-known bands, too."

The musicians who took part all expressed a belief in Home Alive and a desire to do something in Zapata's memory. Pearl Jam's Mike McCready calls the murder "tragic, a real loss. Anything we can do to make things safer for everyone is all right with us." Jason Finn of the Presidents was a bartender at the Comet, a bar where Zapata last spent time with her friends. "Mia was a good friend of mine," he says. "We miss her. But that's all overshadowed by the fact that Val would personally beat the tar out of me if we didn't come across."

—TOM PHALEN





**J**OHNNY CASH IS HARD at work in Los Angeles on a new record. **RICK RUBIN** is again producing, but this time the Man in Black is cutting tracks with **TOM PETTY**'s band and the four remaining members of the **JAYHAWKS**. The album is scheduled for an early fall release. Meanwhile, the Jayhawks have decided they will fly on under a new name without co-founder **MARK OLSON**, who quit in November. The restructured group will enter the studio to start work on a new release in March. . . . **HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH** have put away the golf clubs and recorded a follow-up to their megaplatinum *Cracked Rear View*, working once again with producer Don Gehman. The as-yet-untitled album



*Lush members Emma Anderson, Phil King, Miki Berenyi and Chris Acland (from left)*

finest imported trip-hop and acid jazz, has signed a U.S. distribution deal with the FFRR label. The first two releases will be from **MONEY MARK**, better known as the keyboardist for the Beastie Boys, and Japan's **DJ KRUSH**. . . .

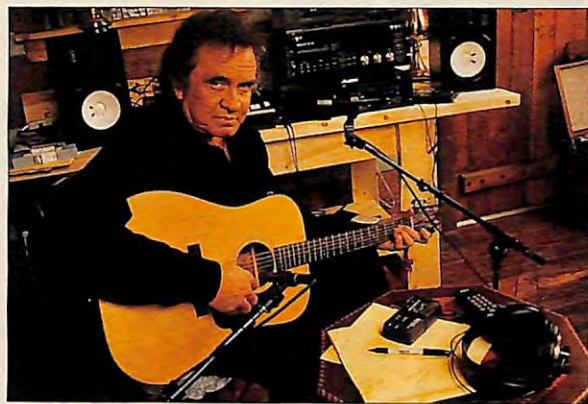
## GRAPEVINE



*Donating her talents: Dolores O'Riordan*

will be released on April 23. . . . **MARIANNE FAITHFULL** is thinking about recording her "Dreamin' My Dreams" single as a duet with the Cranberries' **DOLORES O'RIORDAN**. The single would benefit the Women Against AIDS charity. . . . A silent auction on the World Wide Web has been set up by 550 Music to benefit the two members of **FOR SQUIRRELS** who suffered injuries when their van skidded off a Georgia highway in September. (Two other people died in the crash.) Items for sale include collectibles from **PEARL JAM**, **NIRVANA**, the **BEATLES**, **R.E.M.** and **U2**. Place your bids at <http://www.sony.com>. . . . England's Mo' Wax label, a purveyor of some of the

**AEROSMITH** are holed up in a Miami studio, working with **GLEN BALLARD**, producer of **ALANIS MORISSETTE**'s *Jagged Little Pill*. No release date yet, but fans can look forward to the summer publication of *The Fall and Rise of Aerosmith*, a book chronicling the band's exploits with sex, drugs and booze. The author is **LED ZEPPELIN**'s biographer **STEPHEN DAVIS** (*Hammer of the Gods*). . . . Good deed of the day: Counterfeit T-shirts confiscated during **OZZY OSBOURNE**'s recent U.S. tour are being sent to the children of war-ravaged Bosnia. . . . **FOO FIGHTERS**' current CD single, "Big Me," contains four non-LP tracks as well as live versions of "For All the Cows" and "Watershed." . . . For all those who were dissed on Valentine's Day, **LUSH**'s new album (due out March 5) features "Ciao," a duet by singer **MIKI**



*Back in the saddle again: Cash is recording with Tom Petty's band and the former Jayhawks.*

**BERENYI** and **PULP** frontman **JARVIS COCKER**. The tune is described as the "ultimate anti-love song." And here we thought that was "Love Stinks." ♪

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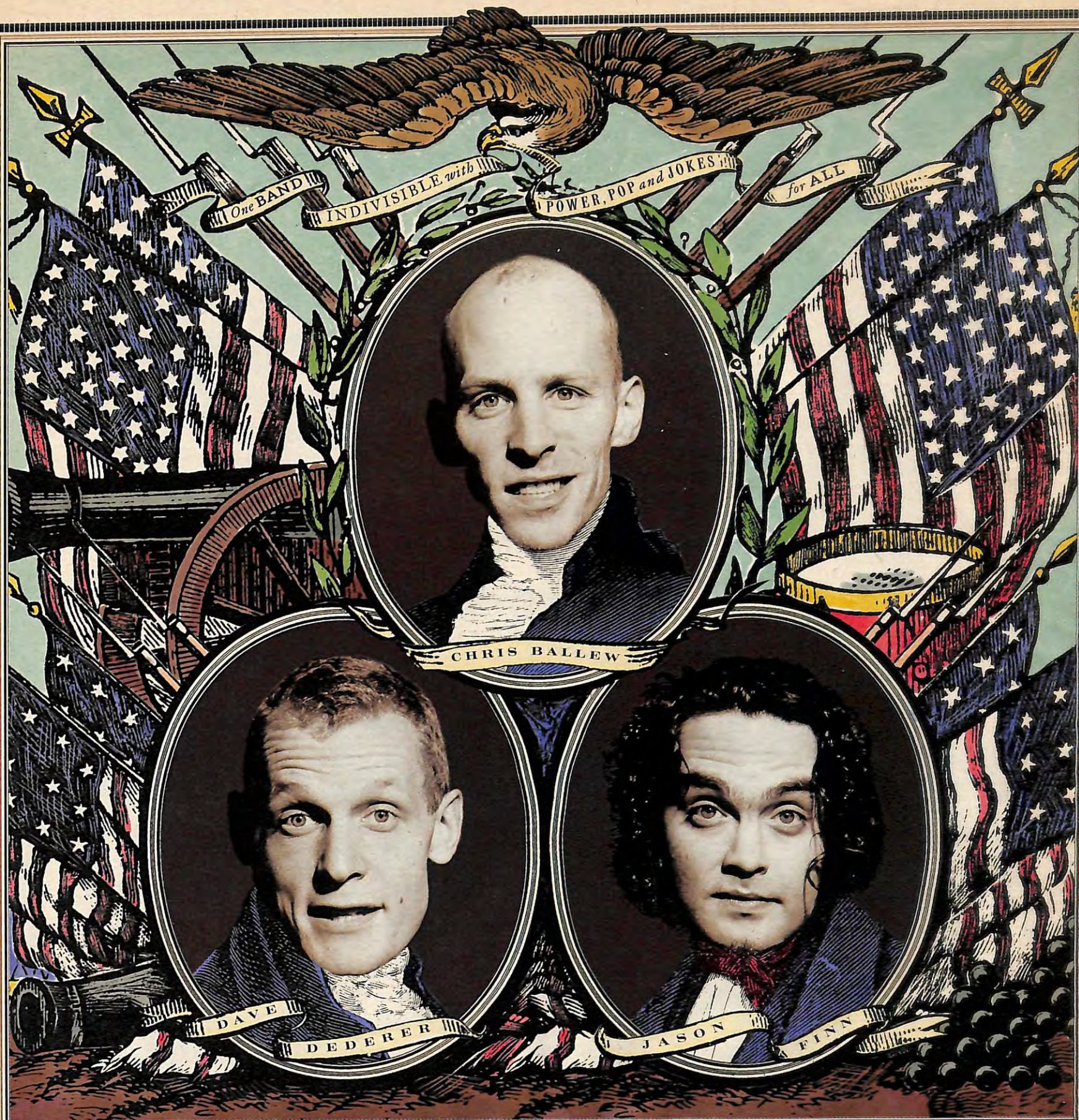
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Can the **PRESIDENTS** *of THE* **UNITED STATES** *of* **AMERICA**  
**LIVE UP** to the *MAJESTY & STUPIDITY* *of* **THEIR NAME?**





IT'S 10 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT on a fake New Year's Eve in Seattle. The club Moe is filled with merrymakers slam-dancing away 1995, throwing themselves onto the tiny stage and knocking over cameramen. The cameras are the reason this party is fake: It's actually 1 o'clock in the afternoon, four days before New Year's Eve, but this taped concert will be shown later on the JumboTron in New York's Times Square. Still, it's easy to imagine that this is a midnight celebration, as the crowd's been drinking for hours, there's enough confetti in the air to be a breathing hazard, and onstage stand the current party boys of rock, the Presidents of the United States of America. Hail to the chiefs. ✱ THE LAST FAKE NEW YEAR'S EVE in Seattle rock was in 1993, when Nirvana played MTV's *Live and Loud*, a show devoid of mirth or joyous mayhem. Two years later a very different Seattle trio is playing songs with the unlikely titles of "Dune Buggy" and "Boll Weevil" and a sound that combines arena-rock riffs with garage-rock rhythms. As it comes closer to "midnight," lead singer and "bassitarist" Chris Ballew makes sure everyone knows he's

not taking this too seriously. "We're going to play awhile," he says, "pretend it's midnight and play our smash single 'Cat Scratch Fever.'" When the moment comes for the equally fake link with Times Square, neither Ballew nor "guit-bassist" Dave Dederer can see a clock for a countdown. "We've got to do this right," Ballew tells the crowd, "even though I forgot all the words to 'Kitty' and we were completely out of tune." ✱ AS THE AUDIENCE TAKES OVER the countdown, Presidential drummer Jason Finn tosses his Santa hat in the air, and "1996" starts off to the sounds of "Lump," the only hit song in history about a fat, pajama-clad old woman sitting in a swamp. An oversize piece of confetti sticks to Ballew's bald forehead, giving him the look of a thin, punk-rock Mikhail Gorbachev. "We are a professional rock band," Ballew yells, a huge smile covering his face.

AN HOUR LATER, THE three Presidents are sitting in the Comet Tavern, having a beer and talking about the year gone by. The band also played Moe on New Year's Eve last year, but the tiny club didn't even sell out. Finn was tending bar at the Comet ("a great job because you work with beer and girls"); Dederer was studying urban planning at the University of Washington; and Ballew was writing songs about kitties, chickens and monkeys on his four-track tape machine, which is pretty much what he's always done.

They started 1995 by recording an album for the Seattle indie PopLlama. It quickly became the label's fastest-selling release ever ("Over 5,000 copies!" says PopLlama owner and producer Conrad Uno with a grin), but before that record was even out, the Presidents were being courted by major labels. They signed with Columbia because they were impressed by their A&R executive's drinking ability

and with the company's pledge to re-release the album immediately. Propelled by enthusiastic radio play and MTV's airplay of "Lump," "Kitty" and "Peaches," the band's debut, *The Presidents of the United States of America*, has gone platinum and is nominated for a Grammy in the category of Best Alternative Music Performance.

"Right now this is all like going to Disneyland," says Dederer of the past year. During that brief time, the band met President Clinton at a political rally (which was also one of their first gigs), had their picture taken with *Pulp Fiction* star Samuel L. Jackson ("He was at a party," says Dederer, "and he had no idea who we were") and peeked at Madonna's black bra when the Material Girl was courting the band for her record label, Maverick. Says Finn: "An example of the kind of year we've had is that our manager called up today, said we were doing *The Tonight Show* next week, and my heart rate didn't even go up."

Even with this heady success, the Presidents go out of their way to announce that they don't rehearse and will only do things

they find "fun." The *F* word springs up in every conversation with the band. "We look like we are having fun," says Dederer, "because we are. So many other bands are dumb because they don't realize how simple that is."

Still, the Presidents are very serious about what they call the "small business" of being a band. Finn even brags about attending label marketing meetings. "They may seem like wild and crazy guys onstage," says their manager, Staci Slater, "but they're very business oriented."

The Presidents work hard to make their act seem amateurish,

"WE LOOK LIKE WE ARE HAVING FUN BECAUSE WE ARE," SAYS DEDERER. "SO MANY OTHER BANDS ARE DUMB BECAUSE THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW SIMPLE THAT IS."

and their live act is infectious — imagine a band that combines Andy Kaufman's shtick with the sound of the Ramones. Though the band members argue that their instrumental setup isn't that weird (Ballew plays a two-string guitar, while Dederer plays a three-string bass), no one

By CHARLES R. CROSS

else in rock is making as much noise with so little ammunition. "A lot of bands today are propped up by technology," says sound engineer Craig Montgomery, who has worked with most of Seattle's big bands, including Nirvana. "If they were less than consummate musicians, it wouldn't work."

Early attention focused on the band's unusual instrumentation (a label slogan boasted of "three guys, five strings, one nation under God") or the contrast between their light-hearted music and Seattle's dark sonic signature. "The whole Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Alice, Soundgarden thing in the Northwest was very heavy and dark," says Kim Thayil of Soundgarden, an early Presidential supporter who still frequents their shows. "By contrast, it's refreshing to see a band that can be silly."

Finn says he can't understand how anyone could ever think of Seattle music as only grunge: "We talk to people all the time who ask us, 'Are you reacting [to Seattle's dark stereotype]?' As if we got up one day and said, 'This has got to stop!'"

A VISITOR STOPPING BY Chris Ballew's apartment shouldn't be surprised to find him learning to play "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" on a two-string guitar or watching a Dr. Seuss video with a buddy. "He has absolutely no cynicism," says Ballew's childhood friend Dave Thiele. It is from Ballew's skewed imagination that most of the Presidents' songs spring. "Stuff just pours out of him at an alarming speed," says Finn with reverence.

with these weird alien eyes over to the side of his head."

"Chris had a really elaborate miniature world," says Thiele of Ballew as a child. "He had a shoe box with little furniture and chairs, and he had this whole life around Chickey. He has a naiveté that he forces on himself in a quasi-conscious way."

"Chris has always been very creative," adds Ballew's mother, Barbara. "He always had his toys and his animals and his music. And the other children would always say to me, 'He's so weird.'"

Now 30, Ballew still keeps Chickey around for inspiration, and the animal is thanked in the album's liner notes. A straight-faced Ballew explains that he's kept Chickey all these years "because Chickey can play drums. He has these little arms."



BALLEW FIRST MET DEDERER at Bush, a ritzy Seattle prep school. Both came from upper-middle-class homes, and their families were frequently mentioned in society circles. Ballew's father spent 35 years as an executive at Washington Mutual Bank, a leading Northwest thrift, while Dederer's family helped lead the push to construct the Space Needle (Dederer's grandfather was president of the 1962 World's Fair, held in Seattle). Dederer grew up in Laurelhurst, the neighborhood Microsoft's Bill Gates used to live in before he started building a mansion the size of 10 city blocks in Medina, the posh suburb where Ballew was raised.

While at Bush, Dederer and Ballew were both in bands, but they didn't play together until they graduated and returned to Seattle for an alumni function. All they remember about that first jam was that they played "Dear Prudence" (Ballew cites the Beatles as his only influence). Both went to college back East. After finishing at the State University of New York at Purchase, Ballew moved to Boston, where he worked as a painter's assistant. He also began playing with Mark Sandman of Morphine (from whom he learned the two-string guitar) and later toured with Beck. The one thing that marked all Ballew's musical endeavors, he notes with

CHARLES R. CROSS is the editor of the *Rocket*, in Seattle. He wrote about Soundgarden in RS 727.



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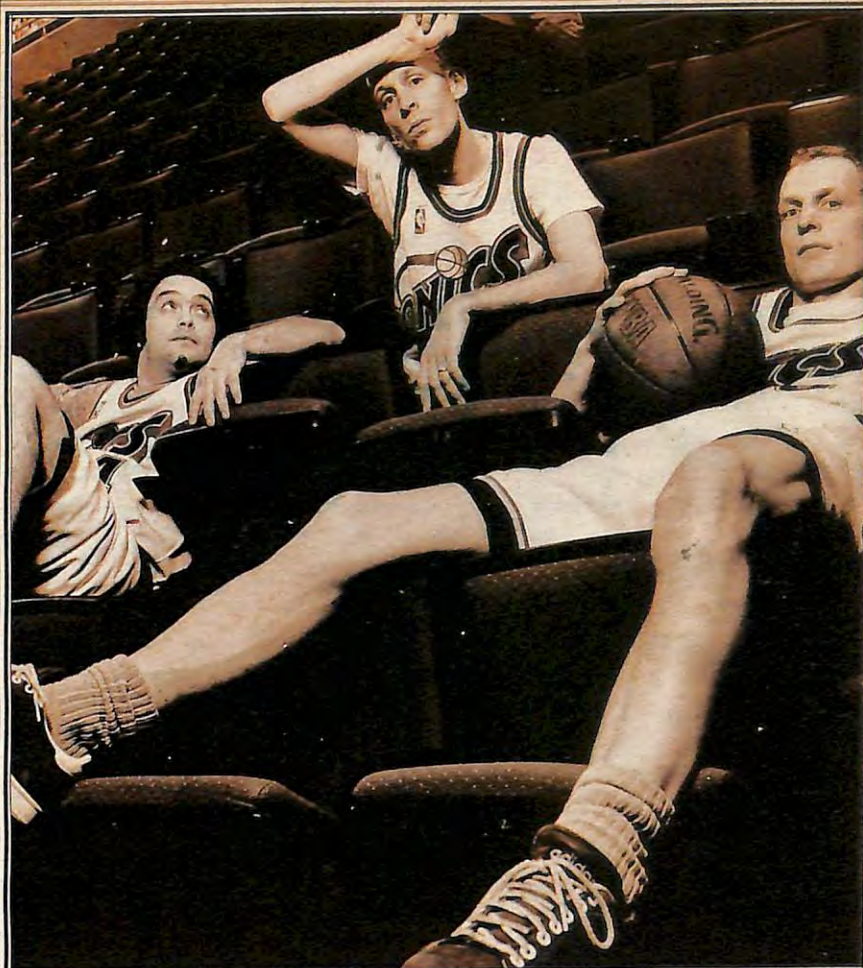
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THE PRESIDENTS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE SEATTLE SONICS: "UP COURT FAST-BREAK INVADERS/AND THE SLAM-DUNK TERMINATORS." FROM LEFT: FINN, BALLEW, DEDERER.

pride, was that "we didn't really try to be a band." Despite that attitude, Sandman says, Ballew is "one of the most musical people I've ever met."

Dederer followed a similarly low-key approach while attending Brown University. His most notable college band was called the Big Heads of Pluternis, named for characters on a Honeycomb cereal commercial. "We did punk or R&B covers," he recalls, "playing one chord for 10 minutes."

The two friends stayed in touch by trading tapes and jamming during vacations back in Seattle. "Chris always had these great songs that are really fun to play," says Dederer. "He has a whole backlog of songs that aren't about froggies, kitties or monkeys, that are about young stupid people being in love. They're brilliant pop songs. I had a good bunch of songs, too, that Chris would play when he was in Boston."

After college, Dederer worked as a teacher, an environmental activist and a clerk in a natural-foods co-op. Ballew found employment as a house painter, but he spent most of his time playing music. He moved back to Seattle in 1992 and formed a band with Dederer called Go!, which included Dave Thiele on drums. Thiele, whom the band calls "the fourth President" for his occasional guest appearances, left Seattle to attend

graduate school in Boston, so Dederer and Ballew became a duo they called the Presidents of the United States of America. It was a name "so stupid and funny and majestic at the same time, we had to use it," Dederer says.

The Presidents' career took off with the help of Scott McCaughey, then a booking agent for Seattle's Crocodile Cafe. "They had sent me a cassette, which was really weird, just banjo and guitar," recalls McCaughey, who is a member of the Young Fresh Fellows and was the rhythm guitarist on R.E.M.'s last tour. "It just sounded like they were screwing around, but I liked it, and it was clear they were great musicians. I immediately put them on a bill. The crowd loved them."

Finn saw one of those early Crocodile Cafe shows, thought it "was the most fun I ever had" and asked if he could join them on drums. The most serious President in the same way Larry was the most serious of the Three Stooges, Finn, 27, is also the band's self-described "grizzled veteran." He spent seven years with Love Battery, a Seattle psychedelic grunge outfit that never even hit the *Billboard* Top 200. ("The list doesn't go to a million," he jokes.)

The Presidents made up for their lack of members, instruments and strings



Photographs by KEVIN WESTENBERG



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**Violent Femmes—Add It Up** (1981-1993) (Reprise/Slash) 466\*656

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**Take That—Nobody Else** (Arista) 135\*806

**Snoop Doggy Dogg—Doggystyle** (Interscope/Death Row) 465\*955

**"Friends" (Music From The TV Series)—Featuring The Rembrandts, Hootie & The Blowfish, R.E.M., Pretenders, more.** (Reprise/Sire) 139\*279

**Bryan Adams—So Far So Good** (A&M) 467\*738

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**Gin Blossoms—New Miserable Experience** (A&M) 463\*737

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**"Dazed And Confused"—Orig. Sndtrk.** featuring *ZZ Top*, *Kiss*, etc. (Giant) 466\*546

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**Danzig—4** (American) 489\*377

**Pearl Jam—Ten** (Epic/Associated) 428\*433

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**Ozzy Osbourne—No More Tears** (Epic/Associated) 428\*128

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**Creedence Clearwater Revival—Chronicle—20 Grt. Hits** (Fantasy) 308\*049

**"Waiting To Exhale"—Orig. Sndtrk.** featuring *Whitney Houston*, *TLC*, *Aretha Franklin*, more. (Arista) 140\*962

**The Allman Brothers Band—A Decade Of Hits 1969-79** (Polydor) 430\*439

**Type O Negative—Bloody Kisses** (Roadrunner) 469\*023

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**Candlebox** (Maverick/Sire/Warner) 485\*185

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**The Best Of The Village People** (Casablanca) 478\*131

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**Pantera—Far Beyond Driven** (eastwest) 468\*926

**Elton John—Goodbye Yellow Brick Road** (Polydor) 471\*060

**Stone Temple Pilots—Core** (Atlantic) 453\*043

**R.E.M.—Automatic For The People** (Warner Bros.) 448\*522

**"The Bodyguard"—Orig. Sndtrk.** (Arista) 448\*159

**The Black Crowes—The Southern Harmony And Musical Companion** (American) 462\*192



**Ozzy Osbourne—Ozzmosis.** Featuring *Perry Mason*; *Ghost Behind My Eyes*; *Tomorrow*; *See You On The Other Side*; and more. (Epic) 141\*481

**Pantera—Vulgar Display Of Power** (ATCO) 435\*305

**Sarah McLachlan—Solace** (Arista) 434\*548

**Tina Turner—Simply The Best** (Capitol) 433\*342

**U2—Achtung Baby** (Island) 431\*213

**"Grease"—Orig. Sndtrk.** (Polydor) 424\*721

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**Scorpions—Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads** (Mercury) 423\*590

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**John Mellencamp—Scarecrow** (Riva) 423\*582

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**Hootie & The Blowfish—Cracked Rear View.** Only *Wanna Be With You*; *Hold My Hand*; *Let Her Cry*; *Time*; and more. (Atlantic) 487\*553

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**Bangles—Grt. Hits** (Columbia) 405\*977

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**Paul Simon—Graceland** (Warner Bros.) 345\*751

**Violent Femmes** (Slash/Warner Bros.) 468\*496

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**The Best Of George Benson** (Warner Bros.) 142\*190

**Peter Dinklage—Frampton Comes Alive II** (El Dorado) 141\*200

**COLUMBIA HOUSE**



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**Son Volt—Trace** (Warner Bros.) 139\*410

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**Kevin Salem—Soma City** (Roadrunner) 130\*237

**Fight—A Small Deadly Space** (Epic) 127\*738

**Hum—You'd Prefer An Astronaut** (RCA) 135\*764

**Supergrass—I Should Coco** (Capitol) 133\*926

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**Kyuss—...And The Circus Leaves Town** (Elektra) 133\*702

**Jim Lauderdale—Every Second Counts** (Atlantic) 138\*057

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**Bruce Springsteen—The Ghost Of Tom Joad** (Columbia) 142\*703

**Bruce Springsteen—Grt. Hits** (Featuring The E Street Band) (Columbia) 119\*354

**Bruce Springsteen—Human Touch** (Columbia) 436\*592

**Bruce Springsteen—Tunnel Of Love** (Columbia) 360\*115

**Bruce Springsteen—Born In The U.S.A.** (Columbia) 326\*629

**Bruce Springsteen—Nebraska** (Columbia) 316\*323

**Bruce Springsteen—The River** (Columbia) 305\*359/395\*350

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**Blues Traveler—Four.** Featuring *Run Around*; *Hook*; *Look Around*; *Stand*; *Just Walk*; *The Good*, *The Bad*, and *The Ugly*; more. (A&M) 102•699



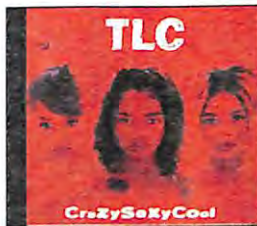
**Cypress Hill—Cypress Hill III (Temple Of Boom).** Third effort by this funky psychedelic hip hop crew includes *Throw Your Set In The Air*; *Make A Move*; more. (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 141•499

# Columbia House

# The Face of Rock



**Better Than Ezra—Deluxe.** Featuring *Good*; *In The Blood*; *Rosealia*; more. (Swell/Elektra) 122•960



**TLC—CrazySexyCool.** Featuring the hits *Creep*; *Red Light Special*; *Diggin' On You*; *Waterfalls*; more. (LaFace) 110•650



**Toad the Wet Sprocket—Rubberneck.** Major label debut featuring the hit *Possum Kingdom*; *Mister Love*; *Quitter*; *Away*; more. (Interscope) 102•491

Green Day—Dookie (Reprise) 476•549

Chicago—Grt. Hits 1982-89 (Reprise) 401•166

Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375•279

Stevie Wonder—Natural Wonder (Motown) 143•214/393•215

REO Speedwagon—Grt. Hits (Epic) 367•672

Eagles Grt. Hits, Vol. 2 (Asylum) 317•768

Janis Joplin's Grt. Hits (Columbia) 231•670

Eagles—Grt. Hits, 1971-75 (Asylum) 287•003

Lou Reed—Walk On The Wild Side (RCA) 125•351

Jefferson Airplane—2400 Fulton Street (RCA) 125•161/395•160

The Best Of Lita Ford (RCA) 125•054

Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 219•477

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Raekwon—Only Built 4 Cuban Linx (RCA/Loud Records) 137•141

Deep Blue Something—Home (Interscope) 137•273

The Bogmen—Life Begins At 40 Million (Arista) 137•083

Nell Young—Decade (Reprise) 129•254/399•253

Elvis Presley—The Top Ten Hits (RCA) 125•609/395•608

Wu Tang Clan—Enter The Wu-Tang (36 Chambers) (RCA/Loud Records) 125•450

"Reality Bites"—Orig. Sndtrk. (RCA) 124•818

The Beach Boys—Greatest Hits (Capitol) 122•903

Billy Squier—Greatest Hits (Capitol) 122•887

Blessid Union Of Souls—Home (EMI) 122•549

Ol Dirty Bastard—Return To The 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version (Elektra) 122•382

Elton John—Made In England (Rocket/Island) 122•184

2 Pac—Me Against The World (Int./Out Da Gutta) 121•871

Megadeth—Youthanasia (Capitol) 108•340

Dionne Farris—Wild Seed—Wild Flower (Columbia) 108•787

Liz Phair—Whip-Smart (Matador/Atlantic) 102•557

Michael Bolton—Greatest Hits 1985-1995 (Columbia) 136•093

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Brandy (Atlantic) 110•502

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Real McCoy—Another Night (Arista) 113•662

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Martin Page—In The House Of Stone And Light (Mercury) 119•180

Elton John—Grt. Hits (Polydor) 471•011

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Flaming Lips—Transmissions From The Satellite Heart (Warner Bros.) 118•067

Monster Magnet—Dopes To Infinity (A&M) 122•200

"Tales From The Crypt Presents Demon Knight"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Pantera, Ministry, Megadeth, more. (Atlantic) 117•200

Pat Benatar—All Fired Up: The Very Best Of (Chrysalis) 108•506/398•503

"Murder Was The Case"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Snoop Doggy Dogg, Dr. Dre, Ice Cube and more. (Death Row/Interscope) 112•714

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John Michael Montgomery—John Michael (Atlantic/Nashville) 121•467

"My So Called Life"—Orig. Sndtrk. (Atlantic) 118•588

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Letters To Cleo—Aurora Gory Alice (Cherry Disc/Giant) 120•352

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Sting—Fields Of Gold (A&M) 113•555

G. Love And Special Sauce (Okeh/Epic) 101•188

Jeff Buckley—Grace (Columbia) 101•014

Shawn Colvin—Cover Girl (Columbia) 101•030

Echobelly—On (550/Rhythm King/Epic) 141•564



**Toad The Wet Sprocket—In Light Syrup.** Collection of rarities includes the hit *Good Intentions Brother*; *Hobbit On The Rocks*; more. (Columbia) 141•523

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The Very Best Of INXS (Atlantic) 111•351

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The Unplugged Collection, Vol. One. Featuring Eric Clapton, R.E.M., Elton John, Lenny Kravitz, more. (Warner Bros.) 110•874

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Madonna—Bedtime Stories (Maverick/Sire/Warner) 110•429

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Alan Jackson—Greatest Hits (Arista) 137•745

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"Angus"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Green Day, Goo Goo Dolls, Weezer, many more. (Reprise) 134•882

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Catherine Wheel—Happy Days (Fontana/Mercury) 130•609

Sonia Dada—A Day At The Beach (Capricorn) 130•245

Chris Isaak—Forever Blue (Reprise) 130•203

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Everclear—Sparkle And Fade (Capitol) 130•070

Soul Asylum—Let Your Dim Light Shine (Columbia) 129•924

Kris Kross—Young, Rich And Dangerous (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 142•810

Cyndi Lauper—Twelve Deadly Cyns...And Then Some (Epic) 133•157

Mobb Deep—The Infamous (RCA/Loud Records) 128•650

Squeeze—Singles: 45's And Under (A&M) 136•762

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KRS-One (Jive) 140•814

Junior M.A.F.I.A.—Conspiracy (Big Beat/Atlantic) 135•988



**Indigo Girls—1200 Curfews.** In concert favorites from folk rock superstars. Includes *Down By The River*; *Closer To Fine*; *Least Complicated*; *Galileo*; more. (Epic) 139•774/399•774

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Big Audio Dynamite—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 137•950

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G. Love And Special Sauce—Coast To Coast Motel (Okeh/Epic) 137•877

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Down—Nola (eastwest) 135•889

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—The Gold Experience (Warner Bros.) 136•846

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Terry Ellis—Southern Gal (eastwest) 142•992

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## Melissa Etheridge



**Melissa Etheridge—Your Little Secret** (Island) 140•954

**Melissa Etheridge—Yes I Am** (Island) 466•763

**Melissa Etheridge—Never Enough** (Island) 435•180

**Melissa Etheridge—Brave And Crazy** (Island) 386•090

**Melissa Etheridge** (Island) 371•468





**AC/DC—Ballbreaker.** Featuring *Hard As A Rock*; *Cover You In Oil*; Title track and more. (eastwest) **135-830**



**Bush—Sixteen Stone.** Featuring *Comedown*; *Everything Zen*; *Little Things*; *Glycerine*; and more. (Trauma Records) **118-885**

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**Big Head Todd And The Monsters—Strategem** (Giant) **106-898**

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**Amy Grant—House Of Love** (A&M) **101-667**

**Slayer—Divine Intervention** (American) **101-329**

**Bad Religion—Stranger Than Fiction** (Atlantic) **102-517**

**Phish—Rift** (Elektra) **454-322**

**Billie Holiday—Billie's Best** (Verve) **447-607**

**Del Amitri—Change Everything** (A&M) **439-331**

**Michael Jackson—Dangerous** (Epic) **433-920**

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**Roger Waters—The Wall—Berlin 1990** (Mercury) **423-855/393-850**

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**Lynyrd Skynyrd 1991** (Atlantic) **422-238**

**Madonna—The Immaculate Collection** (Sire/Warner Bros.) **414-557**

**They Might Be Giants—Flood** (Elektra) **404-376**

**The B-52's—Cosmic Thing** (Reprise) **383-877**

**The Best Of Atlanta Rhythm Section** (Polydor) **427-500**

**The Best Of The Gap Band** (Mercury) **485-672**

**Red Hot Chili Peppers—Out In L.A.** (EMI) **108-480**

**Craig Mack—Project: Funk Da World** (Bad Boy/Arista) **108-050**

**MTV Party To Go, Vol. 4** (TLC, En Vogue, Red Hot Chili Peppers, etc. (Tommy Boy) **478-628**

**Meat Puppets—Too High To Die** (London) **474-221**

**Zapp & Roger—All The Greatest Hits** (Reprise) **470-344**

**Common Thread: Songs Of The Eagles** (Clint Black, Vince Gill, Trisha Yearwood, many more. (Giant) **469-999**

**Prince—The Hits 2** (Paisley Park) **466-631**

**Phish—Rift** (Elektra) **454-322**

**Billie Holiday—Billie's Best** (Verve) **447-607**

**Del Amitri—Change Everything** (A&M) **439-331**

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**UB40—Labour Of Love** (A&M) **325-472**

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**George Michael—Faith** (Columbia) **362-228**

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**The Beach Boys—Made In The U.S.A.** (Capitol) **346-445**

**Soft Rock** Michael Bolton, Mariah Carey

**Dance/Pop** Madonna, Real McCoy

**Rap** Cypress Hill, Wu Tang Clan

**Alternative** Megadeth, Ozzy Osbourne

**Hard Rock** Tom Petty, B. Springsteen

**R&B** Boyz II Men, Luther Vandross

**Soft Rock** Michael Bolton, Mariah Carey

**Dance/Pop** Madonna, Real McCoy

**Rap** Cypress Hill, Wu Tang Clan

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**R&B** Boyz II Men, Luther Vandross

**Soft Rock** Michael Bolton, Mariah Carey

**Dance/Pop** Madonna, Real McCoy

## GREATEST HITS

**Jimmy Page & Robert Plant—No Quarter** (Atlantic) **108-977**

**Alice In Chains—Jar Of Flies** (Columbia) **471-979**

**Alice In Chains—Sap** (Columbia) **122-721**

**Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—Greatest Hits** (Epic) **140-939**

**The Steve Miller Band—Grt. Hits 1974-78** (Capitol) **290-171**

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**Alice In Chains—Facelift** (Columbia) **414-292**

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**Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—The Sky Is Crying** (Epic) **429-258**

**Joe Satriani—Relativity** (Relativity) **141-598**

**Robert Cray Band—Some Rainy Morning** (Mercury) **126-862**

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**Bad Company—10 From 6** (Atlantic) **341-313**

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**Grateful Dead—American Beauty** (Warner Bros.) **358-895**

**Grateful Dead—Hundred Year Hall** (Arista) **140-970/390-971**

**Van Halen—5150** (Warner Bros.) **343-582**

**Van Halen—1984** (Warner Bros.) **324-582**

**Van Halen (Warner Bros.)** **286-807**

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**Ace Of Base—The Bridge** (Arista) **139-113**

**Edwin McCain—Honor Among Thieves** (Lava/Atlantic) **135-285**

**Stevie Wonder—Live In America** (Giant) **139-618**

**"The Show"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Redman/Method Man, The Dove Shack, The Notorious B.I.G., many more. (Def Jam)** **134-791**

**Best Of The Doobie Brothers, Vol. 2** (Warner Bros.) **133-306**

**Myatikal—Mind Of Myatikal** (Bigboy/Jive) **142-281**

**Black Sabbath—We Sold Our Soul For Rock 'N' Roll** (Warner Bros.) **404-632**

**Flipper—Sex Bomb Baby** (Infinite Zero/America) **131-888**

**"The Doom Generation"—Original Soundtrack** (American) **141-036**

**Jude Cole—I Don't Know Why I Act This Way** (Island) **139-717**

**Circle Jerks—Oddities, Abnormalities And Curiosities** (Mercury) **132-407**

**Hollerin'—Various Artists** (Rounder) **142-638**

**Jethro Tull—Roots To Branches** (Chrysalis) **139-899**

**Corrosion Of Conformity—Blind** (Columbia) **118-240**

**"Boys On The Side"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Sheryl Crow, The Cranberries, Bonnie Raitt, more. (Arista) **117-044****

**Stevie Wonder—Conversation Peace** (Motown) **118-810**

**Mazzy Star—She Hangs Brightly** (Capitol) **118-879**

**Black Sabbath—Sabotage** (Warner Bros.) **118-380**

**Corrosion Of Conformity—Blind** (Columbia) **118-240**

**"Boys On The Side"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Sheryl Crow, The Cranberries, Bonnie Raitt, more. (Arista) **117-044****

**Stevie Wonder—Conversation Peace** (Motown) **118-810**

**Mazzy Star—She Hangs Brightly** (Capitol) **118-879**

**Black Sabbath—Sabotage** (Warner Bros.) **118-380**

**"Empire Records"—Orig. Sndtrk. featuring Gin Blossoms, Edwyn Collins, The Cranberries, many more. (A&M) **134-932****

**Wet Wet Wet—Picture This** (London) **139-683**

**Dream Theater—A Change Of Seasons** (eastwest) **135-855**

**Kool G. Rap—4, 5, 6** (Cold Chillin'/Epic) **137-976**

**Elvis Costello—Kojak Variety** (Warner Bros.) **125-989**

**Vince Neil—Carved In Stone** (Warner Bros.) **134-619**

**Jennifer Tryn—Cockamamie** (Squint/Warner Bros.) **131-615**

**The Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer** (Victory) **129-775**

**Jill Sobule** (Lava/Atlantic) **126-789**

**Dokken—Dysfunctional** (Columbia) **127-902**

**Collin James—Bad Habits** (Elektra) **140-087**

**Skid Row—Subhuman Race** (Atlantic) **121-400**

**Rocket From The Crypt—Scream, Dracula, Scream** (Interscope) **140-566**

**John Hiatt—Walk On** (Capitol) **141-671**

**The Smithereens—Blown To Smithereens—Best Of... (Capitol) **122-895****

**"Heavy Metal"—Orig. Sndtrk. (Elektra) **122-416****

**Best Of Slaughter** (Chrysalis) **122-325**

**The Best Of The Gipsy Kings** (Nonesuch) **121-889**

**Juliana Hatfield—Only Everything** (Mammoth/Atlantic) **121-442**

**Faith No More—King For A Day/Fool For A Lifetime** (Reprise/Slash) **121-384**

**E-40—In A Major Way** (Jive/Sick Wid It) **121-335**

**Moby—Everything Is Wrong** (Elektra) **121-186**

**Adam Ant—Wonderful** (Capitol) **120-972**



# Columbia House

## The Face of Rock



**"Forrest Gump"—Original Soundtrack**—(Epic Soundtrax) 487\*249/397\*240



**The Cranberries—No Need to Argue**. Featuring *Zombie*; *Ode to My Family*; title cut; much more. (Island) 110\*478



**Oasis—What's the Story (Morning Glory)**. Featuring *Wonderwall*; *Morning Glory*; *Don't Look Back in Anger*; *Roll With It*; more. (Epic) 139\*766

AC/DC—Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap (Atlantic) 488\*866

☛ **Sophie B. Hawkins—Whaler** (Columbia) 489\*153

**The Tractors** (Arista) 488\*551

☛ **Harry Connick, Jr.—She** (Columbia) 488\*437

AC/DC—High Voltage (Atlantic) 487\*520

**Da Brat—Funkdafied** (SoHo Def/Chaos/CI) 486\*811

**Helmet—Betty** (Interscope) 486\*381

**The Best Of Woodstock**—Featuring Santana, J. Cocker, The Who, etc. (Atlantic) 486\*126

**Warren G—Regulate...** G Funk Era (Violator/RAL) 482\*208

**Morphine—Cure For Pain** (Rykodisc) 481\*226

**Liz Phair—Exile In Guyville** (Matador/Atlantic) 479\*899

**Phish—Hoist** (Elektra) 477\*919

**Jeff Foxworthy—You Might Be A Redneck If...** (Warner Bros.) 474\*833

☛ **"Philadelphia"—Orig. Sndtrk.** (Epic Soundtrax) 472\*928

**A Tribe Called Quest—Midnight Marauders** (Jive) 472\*860



**For Squirrels**—Example (550 Music/Epic) 145\*375

**Crash Test Dummies—God Shuffled His Feet** (Arista) 470\*476

**The Best Of Great White** (Capitol) 469\*833

**Mazzy Star—So Tonight That I Might See** (Capitol) 469\*692

**Foreigner—Classic Hits Live** (Atlantic) 468\*892

**Sade—Love Deluxe** (Epic) 449\*439

**Salt-N-Pepa—Very Necessary** (Next Plateau/London) 467\*837

**Kiss—Alive II** (Casablanca) 467\*035/397\*034

**The Very Best Of Yes** (Atlantic) 465\*971

**The Breeders—Last Splash** (Elektra) 465\*351

**Los Lobos—Just Another Band From East L.A.** (Slash/Warner Bros.) 464\*651/394\*650

**George Thorogood And The Destroyers—Haircut** (EMI) 464\*396

☛ **Billy Joel—River Of Dreams** (Columbia) 463\*695

☛ **Cypress Hill—Black Sunday** (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 463\*596

**Jayhawks—Hollywood Town Hall** (American) 462\*341

**Danzig—Thrall—Deamonsweatlive** (American) 462\*333

**Slayer—Season In The Abyss** (American) 462\*234

**Dr. Dre—The Chronic** (Int./Priority/Death) 461\*970

**Nell Young—MTV Unplugged** (Reprise) 460\*972

**P.J. Harvey—Rid Of Me** (Island) 459\*594

☛ **Judas Priest—Metal Works '73-'93** (Columbia) 459\*412/399\*410

**4 Non Blondes—Bigger, Better, Faster, More!** (Interscope) 458\*042

**Primus—Pork Soda** (Interscope) 457\*192

**Blues Traveler—Save His Soul** (A&M) 457\*085

**Sting—Ten Summoner's Tales** (A&M) 454\*561

**Simple Minds—Glittering Prize** (A&M) 454\*306

**Billy Star** (Sire/Reprise) 454\*199

**House Of Pain** (Tommy Boy) (radio edit) 453\*373

**Lemonheads—It's A Shame About Ray** (Atlantic) 453\*100

**Erasure—Pop The First 20 Hits** (Sire/Reprise) 453\*084

**Phil Collins—Serious Hits...Live** (Atlantic) 448\*944

**Nine Inch Nails—Broken** (TVT/Interscope) 448\*548

**Gloria Estefan—Grt. Hits** (Epic) 448\*506

**Red Hot Chili Peppers—What Hits?** (EMI) 448\*209

**Blind Melon** (Capitol) 447\*995

**The Blues Brothers** (Atlantic) 447\*839

**The Smiths—Best, Vol. 1** (Sire/Reprise) 446\*070

**Ugly Kid Joe—America's Least Wanted** (Mercury) 445\*379

**George Thorogood And The Destroyers—The Baddest Of The Bad** (Hits) (EMI) 444\*505

**Megadeth—Countdown To Extinction** (Capitol) 444\*489

☛ **An Evening With The Allman Brothers Band** (Epic) 441\*865

☛ **Mary Chapin Carpenter—Come On, Come On** (Columbia) 440\*560

☛ **"Singles"—Orig. Sndtrk.** (Epic Soundtrax) 439\*604

**The B-52's—Good Stuff** (Reprise) 439\*281

**ZZ Top—Greatest Hits** (Warner Bros.) 438\*010

**Phish—A Picture Of Nectar** (Elektra) 436\*824

☛ **Indigo Girls—Rites Of Passage** (Epic) 436\*394

**Tears For Fears—Tears Roll Down** (The Hits 1982-92) (Fontana/Mercury) 436\*006

☛ **Janis Joplin—Pearl** (Columbia) 433\*763

**Ministry—Psalm 69** (Sire/Warner Bros.) 433\*748

**Poison—Swallow This Live** (Capitol) 433\*128/393\*124

**Bryan Adams—Waking Up The Neighbors** (A&M) 429\*779

☛ **Cheap Trick—Grt. Hits** (Epic) 428\*656

☛ **Spin Doctors—Pocket Full Of Kryptonite** (Epic/Assoc.) 428\*482

☛ **Toad The Wet Sprocket—Fear** (Columbia) 428\*466

**Red Hot Chili Peppers—Blood Sugar Sex Magik** (Warner Bros.) 428\*367

**James Brown—CD Of JB** (Polydor) 425\*025

**Bee Gees—Best Of, Vol. 1** (Polydor) 424\*358

**Tears For Fears—Songs From The Big Chair** (Mercury) 423\*848

**"Saturday Night Fever"—Orig. Sndtrk.** (Polydor) 423\*806/393\*801

**The Moody Blues—Grt. Hits** (Polydor) 423\*756

**John Cougar—American Fool** (Riva) 423\*566

**Bonnie Raitt—Luck Of The Draw** (Capitol) 423\*186

**ZZ Top—Recycler** (Warner Bros.) 418\*491

**R.E.M.—Out Of Time** (Warner Bros.) 417\*923

☛ **Molly Hatchet—Greatest Hits** (Epic) 416\*099

☛ **Firehouse** (Epic) 414\*318

**AC/DC—The Razors Edge** (ATCO) 410\*662



**R. Kelly** (Jive) 142\*711

**Iron Maiden—The Number Of The Beast** (Capitol) 410\*571

**Pantera—Cowboys From Hell** (ATCO) 410\*332

**Extreme—Pornograffitti** (A&M) 409\*003

**The Monkees' Grt. Hits** (Arista) 408\*203

**Jane's Addiction—Ritual De La Habitual** (Warner Bros.) 407\*098

☛ **Eddie Money—Grt. Hits: Sound Of Money** (Columbia) 403\*428

**Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk** (EMI) 389\*205

**Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood** (Elektra) 387\*944

**Faith No More—The Real Thing** (Reprise/Slash) 387\*399

**Chris Isaak—Heart Shaped World** (Reprise) 386\*144

**Sarah McLachlan—Touch** (Arista) 384\*636

**The Cure—Disintegration** (Elektra) 382\*093

**10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo** (Elektra) 382\*077

☛ **Indigo Girls** (Epic) 381\*269

**Skid Row** (Atlantic) 379\*602

☛ **Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2** (CSP) 377\*945

**Harry Chapin—The Gold Medal Collection** (Elektra) 375\*824/395\*822

**Fleetwood Mac—Grt. Hits** (Warner Bros.) 375\*782

**Jane's Addiction—Nothing's Shocking** (Warner Bros.) 375\*741

**Ramones Mania** (Sire) 371\*450

**The Pretenders—The Singles** (Sire) 362\*541

**The Best Of The Doors** (Elektra) 357\*616/397\*612

**U2—The Joshua Tree** (Island) 354\*449

**Van Morrison—Moondance** (Warner Bros.) 349\*803

**The Cure—Standing On A Beach—The Singles** (Elektra) 346\*858

**Jethro Tull—Original Masters** (Chrysalis) 340\*315

**David Broza—David Broza** (Mesa) 138\*974

**The Cars' Greatest Hits** (Elektra) 339\*903

**The Cure—Disintegration** (Elektra) 382\*093

**10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo** (Elektra) 382\*077

☛ **Indigo Girls** (Epic) 381\*269

**Skid Row** (Atlantic) 379\*602

☛ **Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2** (CSP) 377\*945

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**The Best Of The Doors** (Elektra) 357\*616/397\*612

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**The Cure—Standing On A Beach—The Singles** (Elektra) 346\*858

**Jethro Tull—Original Masters** (Chrysalis) 340\*315

**David Broza—David Broza** (Mesa) 138\*974

**The Cars' Greatest Hits** (Elektra) 339\*903

**The Cure—Disintegration** (Elektra) 382\*093

**10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo** (Elektra) 382\*077

☛ **Indigo Girls** (Epic) 381\*269

**Skid Row** (Atlantic) 379\*602

☛ **Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2** (CSP) 377\*945

**Fleetwood Mac—Rumours** (Warner Bros.) 286\*914

**Jackson Browne—Running On Empty** (Asylum) 286\*864

☛ **Billy Joel—The Stranger** (Columbia) 277\*491

**Best Of The Band** (Capitol) 269\*365

☛ **Bruce Springsteen—Born To Run** (Columbia) 257\*279

☛ **Blood, Sweat & Tears' Greatest Hits** (Columbia) 214\*650

**Black Sabbath—Paranoid** (Warner Bros.) 200\*014

**Mr. Bungle—Disco Volante** (Warner Bros.) 139\*345

☛ **Sly & The Family Stone's Greatest Hits** (Epic) 196\*246

**L.L. Cool J—Mr. Smith** (Def Jam) 143\*560



**Bon Jovi—These Days** (Mercury) 130\*104

☛ **Rosanne Cash—Retrospective** (Columbia) 142\*075

**Defones—Conceited** (Maverick/Sire/Reprise) 141\*051

**Gang Of Four—Solid Gold And Another Day** (Infinite Zero/America) 141\*044

☛ **Gov't Mule** (Relativity) 132\*605

☛ **Ben Arnold—Almost Speechless** (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 140\*707

**Supernova—Ages 3 & Up** (Amphetamine Rept/AI) 140\*541

**Emmylou Harris—Wrecking Ball** (Asylum) 140\*103

**P (Capitol)** 139\*907

**PM Dawn—Jesus Wept** (Gee Street/Island) 139\*428

**God Lives Underwater—Empty** (American) 139\*287

**Lifter—Everything Was Beautiful & Nothing Hurt** (Interscope) 139\*022

**Machines Of Loving Grace—Gilt** (Mammoth/Atlantic) 139\*014

☛ **Desperado—Original Soundtrack** (Epic Soundtrax) 138\*883

☛ **Bob Dylan's Grt. Hits** (Columbia) 138\*586

**Frances Dunnery—Tall Blonde Helicopter** (Atlantic) 138\*040

☛ **Skunk Anansie—Paranoid & Sunburnt** (One Little Indian) 137\*984

**Heather Nova—Live From The Milky Way** (Big Cat/Work) 127\*787

**Clutch (eastwest)** 127\*696

**ApheX Twin—I Care Because You Do** (Sire/Elektra) 127\*621

**Bad Brains—God Of Love** (Maverick/Sire/Warner) 127\*472

**Beastie Boys—Root Down** (Capitol) 129\*486

**Nell Young—Harvest** (Reprise) 129\*189

**Channel Live—Station Identification** (Capitol) 128\*827

**Morbid Angel—Domination** (Giant) 127\*951

☛ **Heather Nova—Live From The Milky Way** (Big Cat/Work) 127\*787

**Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—Free Like We Want 2 B** (Elektra) 133\*736

**Ian Moore—Modern Day Folklore** (Capricorn) 132\*563

☛ **Allison Moyet—Singles** (Columbia) 132\*159

**Devo—Oh, No! It's Devo** (American) 131\*797

**Smoking Popes—Born To Quit** (Capitol) 131\*649

**Ronnie Wood & Bo Diddley—Live At The Ritz** (Victory) 129\*726

**Cake—Motorcade Of Generosity** (Capricorn) 129\*619

**The Police—Live (A&M)** 129\*494/399\*493

**Beastie Boys—Root Down** (Capitol) 129\*486

**Nell Young—Harvest** (Reprise) 129\*189

**Channel Live—Station Identification** (Capitol) 128\*827

**Morbid Angel—Domination** (Giant) 127\*951

☛ **Heather Nova—Live From The Milky Way** (Big Cat/Work) 127\*787

**Clutch (eastwest)** 127\*696

**ApheX Twin—I Care Because You Do** (Sire/Elektra) 127\*621

**Bad Brains—God Of Love** (Maverick/Sire/Warner) 127\*472

**Beastie Boys—Root Down** (Capitol) 129\*486</



with clever, catchy songs. Those songs included gems like "Lump," which is typical of Ballew's nonlinear creative process. "Lump" is really about the word *lump*, the sound of it," Ballew explains. "It started out to be about a tumor in my head, but I thought that was too depressing. So I thought of a big fat woman in a housecoat sitting in a sort of stagnant, barely flowing, swampy river. Then I just described that scene. Most of my successful songs are like a picture."

So far, "Lump" has been the band's biggest hit, successful beyond anyone's expectations. Still, Ballew and Dederer say they could quit tomorrow if the Presidents "stopped being fun" (both have recently married, and Dederer, a graduate student, needs to complete his thesis on the environmental impacts of golf). Finn is less nonchalant when discussing the Presidents' success. "I do care a little more, I think," he says quietly.

Finn is also more purposeful about his career. He worries that his "cheesy, stripped-down drum set" might interfere with product endorsements from musical-instrument manufacturers. As he puts it: "I was scared that Sabian wouldn't want to endorse me anymore because they could see kids going out and buying \$75 10-inch cymbals instead of the \$200 rock crashes."

ONE WEEK INTO 1996, the Presidents assemble in Seattle's Bad Animals studio to prepare for a syndicated radio show. Two days earlier, the band was nominated for a Grammy, and Finn and Dederer are excited, though Ballew is indifferent. "Hey, it's great to be in any club or category with Foo Fighters, PJ Harvey, Nirvana and Björk," argues Finn to his band mates. No one in the group seems to know where or when the awards are. "I haven't heard anything about it," says Ballew, looking pleased that he doesn't know or seem to care much. In another week the Presidents will begin work on their second album in this studio, though it probably won't come out until 1997. The irony of being in this fancy studio, the most sophisticated in the Northwest, doesn't bother them. "Our first record was originally recorded with a budget of about \$4,000," says Dederer. "And this next record is still very small, well under \$100,000 — way below the industry norm."

"Limitations are good," chimes in Ballew, "as proven by our string choices. It's very good to stay smaller and limited." Many of Ballew's home-taping experiments have been done with Dictaphone microcassette recorders, and he

suggests they record part of the new album this way as well. Dederer is all for it, but Finn's eyebrows rise slightly.

One song they want to record is "SuperSonikz," for which they've just made a video to be shown during Sonics games. In typical Presidential fashion, the lyrics are slightly skewed: "Up court fast-break invaders/And the slam-dunk terminators," goes one verse. For the video, the band wore fake game jerseys, which on Ballew and Dederer, both long and lanky at 5 feet 11 inches, looked like dresses. "I'm Michael Jordan's exoskeleton," Ballew said during the shoot.

Another Presidential anthem, "We Are Not Going to Make It," appeared on the band's first album. About failure, the song usually ends their shows, with Ballew and Dederer jumping up and down and crashing into each other. The tune was originally recorded by a band called Traci Lords' Ex-Lovers, the members of which Ballew knew in college.

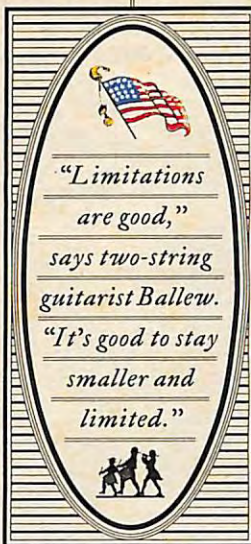
"We're not gonna make it," the lyrics go, "'cause there's a million better bands/With a million better songs/Drummers who can drum/Singers who can sing." The irony is that by playing songs about failure, chickens and monkeys, the Presidents of the United States of America have succeeded in ways even they never imagined.

The question now is whether a band this quirky is a legitimate peer of its Seattle predecessors. "Of the musicians that I know," says Soundgarden's Thayil, "there seem to be two

points of view on the Presidents. Half have a strong criticism of them and feel they aren't serious enough, while the other half likes them for just that reason." The group's current success, however, is what most people are talking about. "The record companies must really be scratching their heads on this one," says Morphine's Sandman with a laugh.

Dave Thiele has seen that kind of head scratching before, back when he and Ballew wrote soundtracks for Chickie. Thiele says Ballew has the kind of personality that can't be changed by success — or by failure. "That's a key element as to why Chris isn't intense and he is funny," Thiele says. "He can't listen to something that takes itself seriously without laughing at it. He has to laugh at stuff that's ridiculous."

As do all the Presidents. "The older you get, the more you realize nobody knows what's going on," Dederer says. "Knowing that, we can flail as well as anyone else can." Adds Ballew: "We're not afraid of flailure."



# Jackson Browne Looking East

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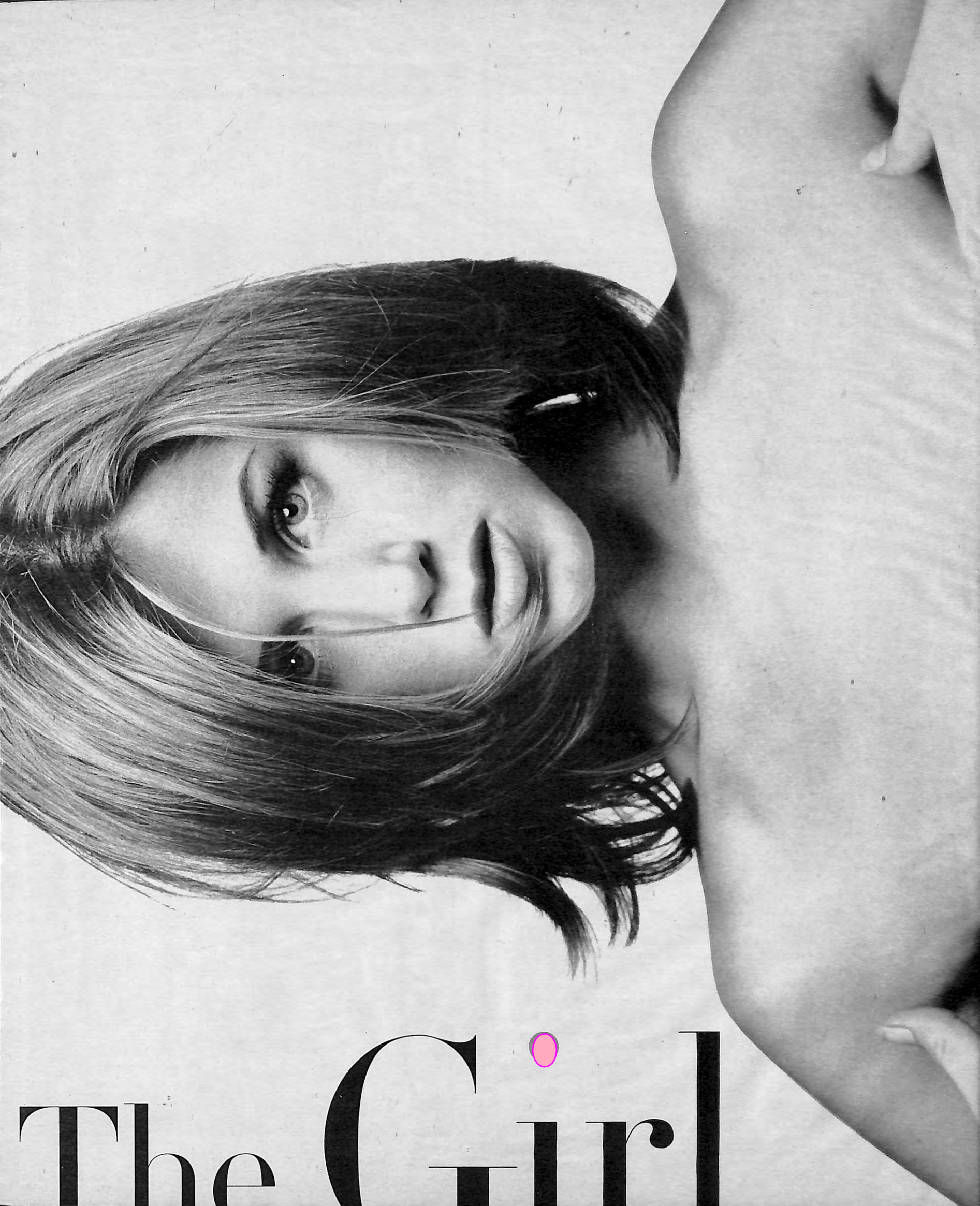
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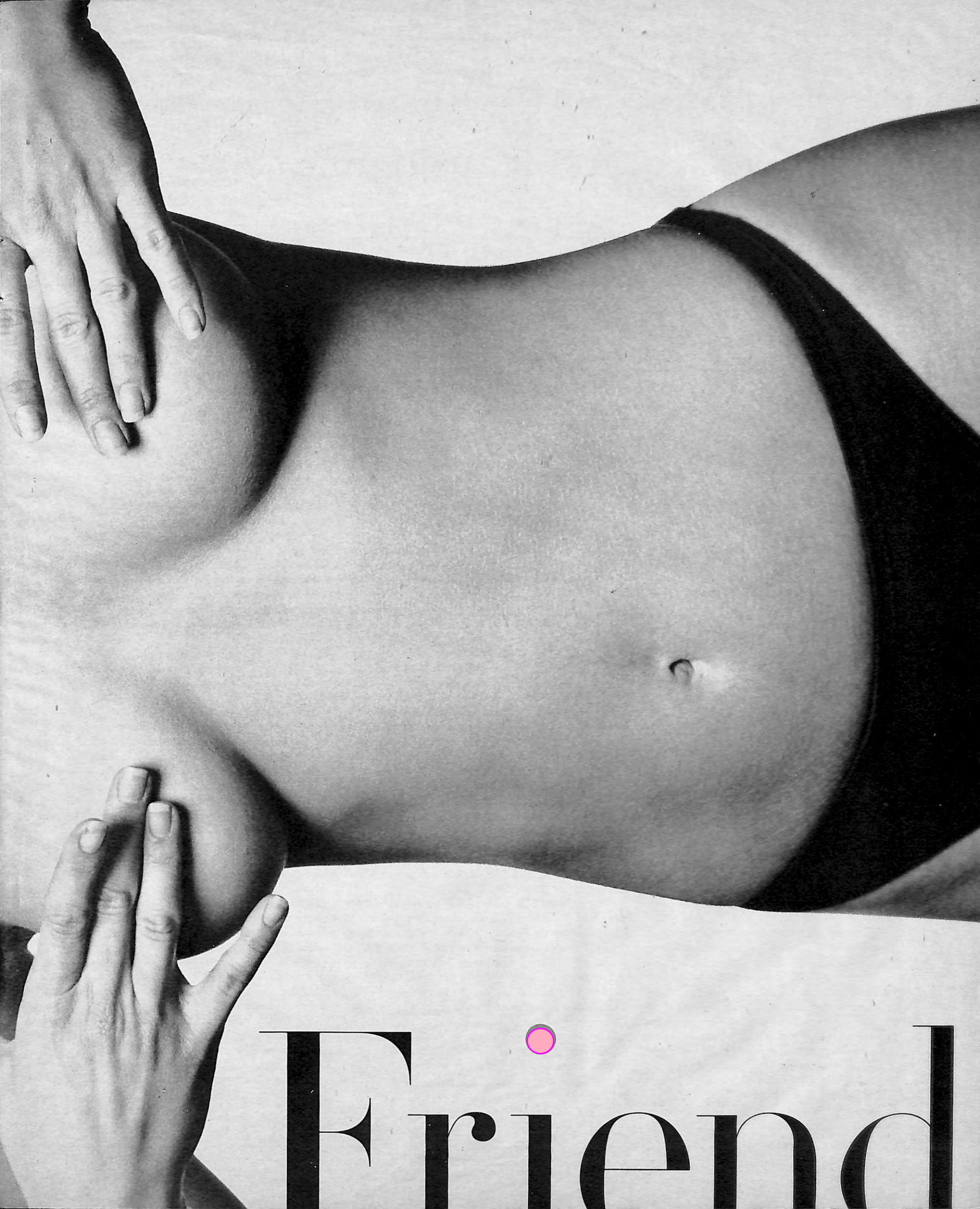






# The Girl





Friend



# She's not just the girl of the moment. She's not just America's First Hairdo. She's *interesting*

**W**HEN SHE WAS 12, JENNIFER Aniston was sent to her room for not being interesting enough. "My father told me I had nothing to say," says the 27-year-old actress. "He made me leave the table." From there, she went into her teens, her mouth shut but her eyes open, fixed on screens big and small, where actors, even those with nothing to say, are furnished lines and emotions. "I decided I wanted to be an actress. I remember dreaming about it, about being on TV."

As she grew up in New York, Aniston passed through grades and jobs, hairstyles and attitudes. Now she was bookish and smart, now flirty and impulsive. After graduating from high school, she went West, and she appeared in a handful of television series, getting canceled and dumped but keeping on until, two years ago, she found her way to *Friends*, an NBC sitcom that became a monster hit and did for Aniston just what she always knew such a hit would do — make her the most fascinating person at the table.

During the last week of 1995, Aniston finds herself in Aspen, Colo., that Mecca of celebrity, hounded by fans and photographers. *Interesting* is a word that seems to cling to her like a sweater. Her face is on the cover of several national magazines, including *People*, which is calling her one of the year's 25 Most Intriguing People. She has come full circle: Fifteen years ago, confined to her room, Aniston was trying to figure out what went wrong. Today, dragging her skis toward the day's first lift, she's trying to figure out what went right. "I'm baffled," she says. "I mean, you think you're just the most uninteresting person in the world, and then all this happens, and you have to wonder, 'Is any of it real?'"

**L**IKE SO MANY OF HER FRIENDS, ANISTON was shaped by divorce. At first, all was placid in her childhood home, an apartment in Manhattan. She lived there with her older half brother, Johnny Melick, her mother, Nancy Aniston, who had some small success as an actress and fashion model, and her father, John Aniston, an actor who for years has portrayed Victor Kiriakis, a tight-lipped villain on *Days of Our Lives*. ("He's a strikingly handsome man," says Jennifer. "He's got a mustache.") Jennifer's godfather was her father's friend Telly Savalas. "I was close to Telly when I was younger," she says. "He was one of the nicest people." Back then, Jennifer could answer the question "Who

loves ya, baby?" without thinking twice: everyone.

When Jennifer was about 9, though, this world began to unravel. Her father moved out, her parents split, and that was that. "It was awful," she says. "I felt so totally responsible. It's so cliché, but I really felt it was because I wasn't a good enough kid. And then on top of that, my dad wasn't great with kids. He loves kids, he loves me, but, you know, I've seen guys that are great with their daughters."

"I knew the divorce was hard on her," says John Aniston. "And I'm sure I could have done a lot of things to make it easier, but it was very difficult."



In 1987, in the Fame-school yearbook

From the beginning, though, Jennifer may have found shelter in her imagination. "From the minute she popped out, she was the queen of make-believe," says Melick. "She was always walking her Barbies through scenes. And later, when she started watching TV, she was the Bionic Woman."

Jennifer's desire to become an actress was confirmed by a trip to the theater. "I went to see *Children of a Lesser God* on Broadway," she says. "I was sitting in the second or third row, and I was just so blown away, and I walked out saying, 'That's what I want to do.'"

Maybe this love for acting had something to do with a desire to beat her father at his own game. Or maybe she wanted to please him. Or maybe Jennifer, dividing her time between her parents, wanted to pretend she was someone else, somewhere else. "My father did not want me to be in this business," she says. "It's so full of rejection."

"Well, I wasn't terribly thrilled," says John Aniston. "I don't think a father who knows anything about this business would be thrilled to have a daughter who is in it."

"Growing up, we saw our parents struggle," says Melick. "My father didn't really lock himself into a steady income until Jennifer was 5. And we were all worried about her going through that."

When she was 15, Jennifer was accepted by New York's High School of Performing Arts, the school where kids danced on tables in *Fame*. Her first stage was the back row of the classroom, where she blossomed as a wise guy. "I did it for attention," she says. "As sick as it sounds, it was the only way to get my father and my mother in the same room."

Still, some faculty members saw promise in her antics. "When Jennifer was in high school, I sat her down and told her she would be in a sitcom," Anthony Abeson, a former acting teacher at the school, tells me over the phone. "Even then she had a gift for comedy, an energy that's not easy to legislate. Some funny people are exhalers. Funny all the time; always on. They crowd people out. Jennifer was good as an inhaler as well as an

exhaler. Like the tide, she always had the ability to go in and out." He pauses. "If you could see me, I'm making a sort of in-and-out motion with my hand."

After graduating from high school in 1987, Aniston spent about a year living at her mom's. College was as ill-suited to her plans as the Army or clown school. "I wanted her to go to college, and she just didn't want to," says John Aniston. "She was anxious to get on with it. Once she decided what she wanted to do, she was very driven."

"I guess I missed the personal things about college, like that whole coming-of-age thing," Aniston now says. Instead, she spent her days auditioning, her nights waitressing. Whereas her character on *Friends* fills orders at Central Perk, a fictitious downtown cafe, Aniston worked at Jackson Hole, a pseudo-down-home burger joint on Manhattan's Upper West Side.

When she turned 20, Aniston went West, where she fell in with that lost breed of actors who live in the hills surrounding Los Angeles, working as messengers, receptionists, whatever. (Aniston took a telemarketing job, "selling my soul," she says.) After a year, she found her way to Laurel Canyon, a hamlet of actors and writers, where she met many of the people who are her friends today. In the low-roofed houses that line the canyon, they shared wine, griping about jobs lost, opportunities missed. "Everybody just kept moving up there," she says. "In all these houses were all our friends. And everybody watched out for everybody. We never left the hill. We were the hill people."

"That was a great time for her," says Melick. "You could tell something was happening, that she was spreading her wings."

It was during these years that Aniston met future co-star Matthew Perry. When asked what time has taught him about the actress, Perry narrows his eyes and says: "That she's the worst driver in the history of drivers. If I know she's going somewhere, I stay home."

Now and then, the female hill people would head off into the woods and form a circle, which they filled with candles and personal mementos, hold hands and talk. "Women have to become nicer to each other," Aniston says. "There's such catty bullshit that goes on, and my girlfriends and I just started this circle. I remember the first time we did it, this one girl was silent through the whole thing, and then at the end she was just weeping. She just had this huge sort of enlightening kind of experience being with these women, and it was, like, women are awesome, especially together as a group, so kind and warm and wonderful."

All the while, Aniston was pushing on, getting cast as a regular on a handful of sketch shows and sitcoms — *Molloy*, *Ferris Bueller*, *The Edge*, *Muddling Through* — on which she often played the annoying sister. All these shows fizzled. "She spent five years working on shows that weren't great, but she learned how to stay in there," says actress Andrea Bendewald, a friend since high school. "It made her a veteran."

Looking back at those days, when she lived in ano-

By Rich Cohen





PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER



nymity among the anonymous, Aniston talks of failure as almost romantic, as something to be endured — like a hangover. “You always miss parts of your past,” she says now. “Back then it was familiar and safe, and now you have no idea what’s around the corner.”

As the months rolled by, Aniston transformed herself. She used to be poor; now she’s rich. She used to be the same; now she’s different. She used to be fat; now she’s famous. She got fat the way everyone gets fat: going nowhere, watching TV, eating from the fridge, spooning from the jar, drinking from the carton. “I ate too many mayonnaise sandwiches,” Aniston says, sighing. “Mayonnaise on white bread — the most delicious thing in the world.”

One day for a call-back, Aniston was told to show up in a leotard and tights. Before the audition, she met with her agent. Moving a hand along her chunky frame, Aniston joked, “Well, this should blow it for me.”

“And my agent said, ‘Actually, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that.’”

For the next several minutes, Aniston heard her own body discussed in the abstract way people discuss cars. “My agent gave it to me straight,” she says. “Nicest thing he ever did. . . . The disgusting thing of Hollywood — I wasn’t getting lots of jobs ‘cause I was too heavy.”

Over the coming months, Aniston gave up mayonnaise, pre-meal snacking, white bread, post-meal snacking and butter. After going through Nutri/System, she delivered a testimonial for the program on *The Howard Stern Show*. She eventually lost 30 pounds. Now she almost never appears on TV without at least some part of her stomach showing. “It was amazing to see this thing emerge,” she says, looking at her chest. “I never knew I had this body in me.”

One thing offered the thin Aniston that the fat Aniston would probably never have gotten was a shot on a new NBC sitcom: In the fresh-scrubbed, datable world of *Friends*, there’s little room for a fat one. “It happened so fast,” says Aniston. “I went in, read the script, laughed out loud, got home and an hour later had the part.”

“She *was* the part,” says Kevin Bright, an executive producer of *Friends*. “She was funny. She was pretty. It all came through in one big stroke.”

And Aniston knew the show would be special. “It’s all about relationships,” she says. “And people really need to see something that they can relate to — real-life situations.” What’s more, *Friends* offers someone for everyone: a tall, dorky, insecure guy (David Schwimmer); a ditzy, guitar-strumming blonde (Lisa Kudrow); a handsome, jean-clad palooka (Matt LeBlanc); a sarcastic, 9-to-5-ing funnyperson (Perry); a dark-haired, blue-eyed Veronica (Courteney Cox); and a spoiled suburban princess just finding her legs (Aniston). Aniston also became the friend with the hairdo, a wispy shag that falls around her face in an oval, a style imitated by every identity-seeking woman in America. “It’s a great haircut,” says Kudrow. “But most women just don’t wear it as well as Jennifer. They can cut it however they want, but they still won’t be her.”

While masquerading as a kind of urban realism, *Friends*, with its sprawling apartments and surplus of leisure time, is as far-fetched as *Star Trek*. The show reflects average lives without blemishes. And it works. So far in the 1995-96 season, *Friends* is No. 3 in the ratings. In bookstores, *Friends* trivia and recipe books are stacked in pyramids. More than a hit, *Friends* has be-

come something for people to emulate, a model for working stiffs getting tanked at happy hours. Across the land, those of us who are loners, who stand in corners, who won’t dance, are now faced with the spectacle of strangers exchanging witticisms and high-fives with their pals, thumping each other hard on the back, being supportive and doing just about everything else to let us know that, yes, they are friends.

In the middle of its second season, the sitcom may well become that rare vehicle, a TV show with the ability to launch movie stars. On the show, Aniston displays a gift for comic timing — and an ability to sound natural in a three-sided living room — that should serve her well on the big screen. “What you see on TV is only part of what Jennifer has to offer,” says Abeson, her high school acting coach. “She can go much deeper.”

Already, Aniston has completed *Til There Was You*, a film with Jeanne Tripplehorn and Dylan McDermott that will be released this April, and *Dream for an Insomniac*, which also stars Ione Skye. In late summer, Aniston will be seen in *She’s the One*, a film by Ed Burns, who directed *The Brothers McMullen*. “Everyone who’s seen the film so far has been blown away by her performance,” says Burns. “It’s nothing like her character in *Friends*. The girl can act!”

More recently, Aniston signed a \$2 million contract to star in *Picture Perfect*, the story of a single woman

I did. And it’s perfect. It’s nice having the money to do it.”

“This is something she was dying to do,” says Bende-wald, who is along for the trip. “I think she really needed a break; she worked so frickin’ hard all year.”

Aniston and her friends are what you and your friends might like to be. In a situation where you and your friends drink beer, they drink wine; where you drive cars, they drive all-terrain vehicles. And the very lives they lead — the auditions, the read throughs, the screenings — seem to emit a kind of blue brilliance, like a globe with a light inside. As you listen to their casual talk, the wood in their fireplace seeming to burn more brilliantly than wood has ever burned before, it’s hard not to imagine that you are on the set of a TV show, one of the many knockoffs of *Friends*, say, where there are no problems that cannot be solved in 30 minutes. “We have a problem,” a friend of Aniston’s tells me. “The



Aniston (bottom right) in the sitcom *Ferris Bueller*.

wine is warm. But don’t worry. We’re chilling it. It will be ready in about 30 minutes.”

While in Aspen, the friends meet each afternoon at Bonnie’s, a midmountain restaurant. They eat lunch, joke, discuss their lives. Just now, Aniston, who briefly dated Adam Duritz of Counting Crows earlier in 1995, is concerned about a new love interest. “I don’t know whether I’d call him a boyfriend,” she says. “Especially when it’s so new and I’m so scared and

## Aniston talks of failure as almost romantic. “You always miss parts of your past,” she says. “It was familiar and safe.”

and her desire for an engaged man, which will be shot this summer. In addition, Fox has purchased specifically for Aniston a *Washingtonian* magazine story, “How to Date a Congressman,” which is just now undergoing that mysterious process whereby all stories, large and small, eventually become screenplays. “It’s amazing what a good show will do for your career,” says Aniston, smiling. “It’s a whirlwind. And you have to stop and focus.” That’s why she wanted to come up to Aspen, she says. “To stop and ask myself, ‘What’s up? What’s real? What’s going on?’”

ANISTON HAS TRAVELED TO ASPEN WITH A whole contingent of friends. These are not the friends from the TV show, but they might as well be. They are pretty and nice and often want to know how you feel.

There are 12 of them, actors and writers, staying in beds and sleeping bags in a rambling house on the edge of town. “For years, we’ve been trying to get together, and the winter comes and goes, and we never do it,” says Aniston, who found the house. “And this year, with *Friends* and everything, I was like ‘You know what? I’m going to do this for us. Somebody’s got to go ahead and make the plan.’ And that’s what

skeptical and have been on this solo thing. Isn’t that weird? I’m dating, and I like him very much. But when do I start to call him a boyfriend? Do you decide to go steady? You don’t anymore. Although Daniel, my old boyfriend, was funny. Three months into dating he said, ‘Will you be my girlfriend?’ Got down on his knees.”

After lunch, Aniston and her friends retrieve their skis and step outside. They huddle up and choose a route. Then they’re off — a dozen people skiing in formation. They ski down cat trails and off through the trees, which are bent with snow. Wearing a ski coat, black stretch pants, a furry hat and goggles, Aniston flies by in a tangle of poles and arms. She skis behind Jason Bateman, following his tracks through the snow. Bateman is a bright-eyed, high-spirited, 27-year-old actor who starred in *The Hogan Family* and is currently in *Simon*, a WB sitcom. He’s a very nice guy. He tells Aniston to keep her shoulders back and her eyes forward.

Making her way down the hill, Aniston’s extremely pleasant to look at. Her eyes, warm and alert, seem forever on the verge of recognizing an old acquaintance. She is not quite so friendly as her eyes, though; they do her a great favor. Her hair is a shade of reddish brown you see in the paintings of [Cont. on 60]

Contributing Editor RICH COHEN profiled Alicia Silverstone in RS 716.



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THE SNOW, AS RALPH REED WAS telling it on the radio, was God's idea of a joke, though there didn't happen to be any snow in Los Angeles. On a show called *Duffy and Company*, broadcast on one of the local L.A. Christian stations, the 34-year-old executive director of the Christian Coalition was talking about the recent shutdown of the federal government, which on that very day had been scheduled to finally sputter back into business. But now, to the delight of Reed and the station's listening audience, a blizzard so apocalyptic as to practically be out of the Book of Revelation had buried the country's capital, closing the government down again. "The Lord," Reed said, laughing, "certainly has a sense of humor." † Warren Duffy, the show's moderator, thought that was pretty darned humorous himself. He guffawed. People in Washington, however, didn't think it was as funny, even a week later when I got there: "It's jammed! jammed! jammed!" my cabdriver cried in frustration at the traffic in the snow-clogged

BOB DOLE, PHIL GRAMM and the other REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES are kowtowing to the RELIGIOUS RIGHT, but CONSERVATIVE CHRISTIANS are searching

for a TRUE BELIEVER

So all in all, NET didn't seem so scary. It wasn't Stepford TV, run by pod people from Republican Mars; and if the lines between Christian and Republican agendas were blurred, that just made NET a true microcosm of the cultural-conservative universe. Indeed, the founder of the network, Paul Weyrich, has not only been the head of a right-wing think tank called the Free Congress Foundation since 1978 but was also one of the political architects of Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. Thus, Weyrich is a one-man switchboard for crosswiring political, religious and cultural concerns, and has worked with a take-no-prisoners ferocity to make those concerns synonymous. I

mount to the law of the land, in the same way, he said, that the driver's license of one state is honored in another; in Kilgannon's words, this case was the "crown jewel of the homosexual movement." Even on the TV screen, both Weyrich's and Kilgannon's mortification was palpable. Kilgannon appeared genuinely terrified by the prospect of an America exploding with gay marriages, while Weyrich just seethed, getting madder and madder about the whole thing. The program took phone calls, which the young operator had guaranteed me were not screened, and they started coming in now; all the callers were quite upset. They decried the way an alternative lifestyle was being "imposed" on the rest of the country, "infringing," as Kilgannon would have it, "on the religious beliefs of the rest of us." I admit I became confused here. I wasn't exactly clear how other people's marriages were infringing on my beliefs, unless the courts were going to start forcing everyone into gay marriages, and I was reasonably certain no one had forced Tom Kilgannon into a gay marriage, since it happened that the young woman with whom I'd been talking was his wife. A very sweet, bright young woman, Meg was understandably less concerned with what Tom was actually saying than with how he was coming across on television. I tried to assure her that he was doing fine.

We chatted and joked awhile, and I finally left, the cold winter air blowing my hypocrisy back in my face no sooner than I was outside the door. Returning to Union Station, the Capitol gleaming on the night's horizon like a chiseled ice palace, I wondered if it was a complete moral failure on my part not to have taken Meg by the shoulders, looked her in the eye and told her in as calm a voice as I could manage, "Meg, you seem like a very nice woman, but now you must listen to me very carefully: *Your husband is not making any sense at all.*" I felt like I had been some sort of spy, not only with Meg but also with all the other nice people at NET, except Paul Weyrich himself, of course, who knows better. To

## Onward Christian Soldiers

streets, pounding his steering wheel as he tried to make his way to NET-Political NewsTalk Network, in the northeast part of town. I had an appointment at NET (for National Empowerment Television, as the network was originally known), where, safe from the snow outside, everyone I met was in distinctly better spirits. A broadcasting company for cultural conservatives, NET bustled with more activity and employees—more than a hundred—than the small building could contain, or even the one next to it that the network has taken over; and winding through labyrinthine halls that led down one set of stairs and up another, from the lobby to the newsrooms to the glassy sound booths and three studios, I was greeted by many pleasant people who insisted NET was not an organ of the ideological right but a broad-based operation open to all political points of view.

Well, it seemed all right to me. There are, to be sure, a lot of pretty conservative shows on NET, including an hour by the Christian Coalition; another by the Cato Institute; *Straight Talk*, with Gary Bauer, head of the conservative Family Research Council; a series hosted by Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, a group obsessed with how all the news is written by liberals; *American Investigator*, a conservative alternative *60 Minutes* looking into the "unanswered" questions about the Vince Foster suicide; and *On Target With the NRA*. But a lot of the other shows look harmless enough, aimed at investors, military-history buffs, train enthusiasts. The program that was taping when I got there, *American Family*, concerned nothing more provocative than parents and kids learning how to use a personal computer together; and listening in on the recount of the news headlines, I didn't sense any subliminal KILL CLINTON codes flashing across my brain synapses.

had had an interview scheduled with Weyrich, which I arrived to find was canceled; but as it happened, Weyrich's own show, *Direct Line*, was next up after *American Family*, so I sat down to watch. The opening moments were devoted to a blistering attack on Republican congressmen who had, as far as Weyrich was concerned, caved in to President Clinton on the budget battle by agreeing to raise the nation's debt ceiling.

After a few minutes, however, he got down to the night's real order of business, which was a court case in Hawaii that would allow the legal marriage of gay couples. Weyrich's guest was Tom Kilgannon from the Christian Action Network. Kilgannon is an earnest, stricken-looking young man who was explaining how an obscure provision of the United States Constitution would make this pending Hawaii decision tanta-

BY STEVE ERICKSON



Weyrich I'm not a spy, I'm the Enemy, and you are, too.

**Y**OU ARE, TOO, BECAUSE, well, you're reading this magazine for one, and, after all, if Bill Clinton — a rather innocuous figure, really, in the political scheme of things, not to mention a regular churchgoer for whom religion has probably played a greater part in his personal life than any president in modern times, with the exception of Jimmy Carter — if Bill Clinton is the Enemy, then you're the Beast, the whole lot of you. Throw down this magazine and check out the hair growing on the backs of your hands if you don't think so.

Weyrich knows this, which is why he wouldn't talk to me. Ralph Reed knows this, too, which is why he also wouldn't talk; Pat Robertson, the figurehead of the Christian Coalition, knows; and at the Republican National Convention in 1992, Pat Buchanan knew, hurling down the moral gauntlet and declaring war on a country of degenerates. In the estimation of seasoned journalists and politicians, Buchanan's manifesto was an electoral public-relations disaster that marked the end of whatever chances George Bush had of getting re-elected. But history may not come to see it that way. Rather, history may come to view the Buchanan speech as comparable to the speech Barry Goldwater gave to the 1960 Republican convention that nominated Richard Nixon the first time, in which Goldwater put the party on notice that a conservative tide was coming and would demand its due. Ralph Reed claims that in the 1994 congressional elections, a third of the voters who went to the polls were evangelical Christians, and they were largely responsible for the massive Republican victory, with Catholics going Republican for the first time ever in an off-year election. "And in this year's election," Reed was telling Duffy on his radio program, "evangelicals will be the base vote, and Catholics will be the swing vote."

In a country where the vast majority of people consider themselves religious, the Christian right has moved beyond its poor-white Bible Belt stereotype. Reed's Christian Coalition has more than tripled in the last few years to 1.7 million evangelicals and Baptists and Pentecostals and Catholics, who now include lawyers and doctors and business executives linked not just by Sunday church



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

services but fax machines and computers and satellite dishes. Their influence in current presidential politics is inarguable. Sen. Bob Dole's own deputy campaign manager has bluntly admitted that any Republican candidate without the support of the Christian right can pretty much forget about the party's nomination, because these are the activists who dominate the primary race, raising money and getting themselves and others to the polls. Not long after launching his campaign last year, Dole gave a highly publicized speech about the deca-

dence of popular culture that was simply a marginally calmer, sanitized version of Buchanan's, and he cleared it with Christian-right leaders such as Reed and Gary Bauer before he gave it. And if you've been in New Hampshire the last few months leading up to the presidential primary, you've had a hard time tuning out the language of cultural conservatism, at least until it gave way in the last few weeks to the language of flat taxes; every candidate had television and radio ads talking about "values" and "principles" and how "if you believe the American family is sacred, that it's under assault by Washington, Phil Gramm's your man."

Republican professionals may dread a repeat of the 1992 Buchanan spectacle at the San Diego convention this year, but to someone like



# DOLE'S DEPUTY CAMPAIGN MANAGER *has bluntly admitted* that any REPUBLICAN without the support of the CHRISTIAN

## RIGHT can pretty much forget about the party's NOMINATION.

the Family Research Council's Bauer, the real threat is exactly the opposite. "The odds are overwhelming," he says, "that I would support Bob Dole if he is the Republican nominee. But that's with the caveat that if the party at the convention takes a walk on a number of issues, particularly abortion, that I think are important, not only I but a lot of other people could wind up doing something else — though I'm not sure what that would be." As far as Bauer and some of his more ideologically rigorous allies are concerned, "taking a walk" would include the nomination of a pro-choice vice-presidential candidate, not good news to whatever aspirations might be held in that regard by New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman or Gov. Pete Wilson of California or Gov. William Weld of Massachusetts or, most pertinently, Colin Powell. "I don't know if the Republicans realize it or not," Bauer hints darkly, "but they have a real high-risk convention coming up, in which they could do incredible damage to themselves."

Bauer knows that you and I are the Enemy, too, perhaps better than anyone. A purist on a landscape of paragons, even Ralph Reed is a sellout by Bauer's lights: When Reed laid out the Christian Coalition's agenda last spring, 10 points called the Contract With the American Family, which conspicuously tried to finesse the issue of abortion, Bauer blasted him in the same way he blasted William Bennett several months later for talking up a Colin Powell presidency. A one-time family-issues adviser in the administration of Ronald Reagan, Bauer took over the Family Research Council at the end of the '80s, when it basically existed in concept only. Seven years later the council has more than a quarter of a million supporters, and Bauer is among the most important and least compromising of Christian conservative activists. From Bauer's standpoint, talking to me was, if anything, a measure of this purity; such men believe they have nothing to fear. At the council's Washington headquarters, where one is first greeted not only by an American flag but also by a plaque dedicating the organization to Judeo-Christian values, Bauer was candid, open, cordial — a much less pinched presence in person than on television. The son of Democratic blue-collar parents, including an alcoholic father, he grew up in Kentucky across the river from Cincinnati "at a time," he recounts, "when organized

crime literally ran the city — gambling, prostitution. I watched families fall apart when fathers never made it home with their paychecks." The young Bauer became a Republican ("to my family's horror"); the first presidential candidate he was excited about was Barry Goldwater in 1964.

But even at the age of 18, Bauer found Goldwater a little suspect, more libertarian than a true moral crusader, so that 30 years later, when Goldwater started warning the GOP that the religious right was taking over, it sort of confirmed what Bauer had figured all along. It is telling that Bauer's most forceful blow so far in the coming election has been not an endorsement of any of the candidates running but the anti-endorsement of one who wasn't running: Last fall, in the

anti-abortion position seems about as heartfelt as everything else about Gramm; former diplomat Alan Keyes, who addresses most directly and articulately — indeed, exclusively — the Christian right's concerns; and even Bob Dole, who scored valuable endorsements from the heads of the Christian Coalition in caucus-state Iowa and primary-state South Carolina.

Dole, of course, is exactly the sort of person whom Bauer means when he talks about political opportunism. "I'm deeply suspicious," as he put it during our interview, "of someone who seems to be doing a wind check every morning on an issue like abortion. If on something that profound you're willing to make these fine gradations of movement in order to deal with the latest poll, then it seems to me on almost every other issue you're going to be totally unreliable. I don't see Bob Dole as the kind of president who takes risks. And I think we're at a point in our history where we need someone who takes risks."

"So who do you miss most among those not running?" I asked.

"Good question." Smiling ruefully, he said, "I guess before my recent disagreements with Bill Bennett, I

was enthusiastic about him getting into the race. But now I'm not so sure it would have been that great of a thing — if he would have done the same thing as a candidate that he's done on the sidelines the last couple of months." It was only later that I realized how stunning this answer was. Bennett is a man who, if not strictly counted among the religious right, remains a patron saint of sorts, the national warlord against drugs under Bush and the author of the best-selling *Book of Virtues*. Like his disillusionment with Goldwater, Bauer's answer revealed just how little it takes for even a kindred spirit to fall from whatever esteemed plane Bauer views as grace: One fuckup and you're gone.

Yet rigid as his parameters of acceptable moral and political behavior are, Bauer has struck on something important about the coming election that others avoid, assuming they sense its presence in the first place. Because Bauer is right about his central thesis: There is a spiritual crisis in America; anyone of any depth at all knows it; and speaking at the Foreign Press Center in Washington a few months ago, Bauer was eloquent. "For about 10 years now," he said, "when the pollsters ask the American people how they feel, two-thirds of them say that America is headed in the wrong

direction. They said that when George Bush was in the White House, and they're saying it when Bill Clinton's in the White House. And I don't believe when they say it that they're thinking about the economy or the military; I think Americans are making a comment about the heart and soul of the country. . . . You can measure a nation by how many of its children cry themselves to sleep at night. And in the United States today, too many children cry themselves to sleep because they've been abandoned by fathers who aren't there. . . . I believe that on through 1996 and into the next century, this is going to be the great debate in America. It's going to be a debate about liberty and



REED HANDS OUT THE GOSPEL AT A CHRISTIAN COALITION CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

most frenzied days of Powellmania, he sent out about 6,000 faxes to activists and journalists that ripped Powell as a not-so-secret liberal, and then held his breath wondering if he had torn apart his own power base in the process. He got all of a dozen negative letters. In the meantime, Christian conservatives have yet to coalesce behind any single candidate in this election the way they did behind Pat Robertson eight years ago, or even in the way they gave their hearts if not exactly their imprimatur to Pat Buchanan four years ago. Instead, the Christian right has cavalierly strewn its affections among Buchanan; Texas Sen. Phil Gramm, regarded with skepticism if only because his

STEVE ERICKSON's new novel, "Amnesiascope," will be published this spring by Henry Holt & Co.



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how you use it, the relationship of liberty to virtue, and it's going to be a debate about the simple question of how it is that free men and women live their lives."

OF COURSE, WHAT CONSTITUTES MY AMERICAN spiritual crisis — a country that defines itself by what it owns rather than by the price of what it believes — may be different from Gary Bauer's, which is basically an America that likes sex too

much. And in the throes of such a spiritual crisis, the nation is doomed to be disappointed by both its presidents and its elections, because even the national consensus of an election cannot address the collective trauma of the spirit, and even the most profound of our elections are always an uneasy truce between the political and spiritual. In a totalitarian state where mind control is the order of the day, an intense spirituality, collectively shared by many people, can become a blow for freedom because it reaches deeper than the mind, to the soul, where neither the police nor government can go. But in a democracy, which exists by breathing the crossbreezes of pluralism and tolerance, the natural political expression of a single-minded spirituality is often either anarchy or authoritarianism. When I asked Bauer if he considered the guiding text of America to be the Constitution or the New Testament, his lamest answer was the most important. "There's no question," he said, "that the guiding text for Christians has to be the New Testament. The founding documents for the United States are the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. They are not in and of themselves religious documents, but they were written by religious men, and they do reflect, broadly speaking, a Judeo-Christian value system."

As Bauer undoubtedly realized, his answer sidestepped what he must consider the Constitution's most embarrassing lapse: its specific and unmistakable instruction that the country isn't supposed to have a guiding religious text. Also, since Bauer is a smart man, we must assume he is not ignorant of history but, rather, is willfully misrepresenting it. With the fearsome exception of Sam Adams, the people who founded the country — George Washington, James Madison, Ben Franklin, John Adams — were, while certainly men of deep spiritual feeling, not devoutly religious; they were as impressed by the Enlightenment

as they were by the Scriptures. And if Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln were the two iconic visionaries of American history, in that they addressed more powerfully and insightfully than anyone else the very meaning of America, the fact is that Lincoln was a Christian of only a very vague sort (for which he was attacked in the presidential election of 1860), and Jefferson was not any sort of Christian at all (for which he was attacked in the presidential election of 1800). While passionately admiring Jesus as one of the great moral philosophers of all time, Jefferson accepted Jesus as neither a divine figure nor a personal savior, and had as little use for the Gary Bauers of the late 1700s as they had for him. Jefferson's God was an ambiguous supreme being who created the universe and then left it to men to sort out the particulars — a



AT A CHRISTIAN COALITION CONVENTION, THE FAITHFUL GIVE VENT TO THEIR POLITICAL FERVOR.

Creator who endows each of us with inalienable rights, including the right to tell Gary Bauer to take his grim self-righteousness and stuff it.

For the better part of a decade, however, Bauer and Christian conservatives have been a lot more effective at telling the pagans among us to stuff it. If they have the culture on the run, it's for a number of reasons: First, when liberal presidents try to speak to the country's spiritual crisis, the result is a lot of mush about "funks" and "malaises" (a word Jimmy Carter never actually used), because their liberal nature recoils from sounding judgmental; conservatives, on the other hand, are perfectly comfortable using the rhetoric of judgment, which galvanizes their message and their sense of mission. Second,

liberals have played into the hands of the Christian right by ridiculing as square, narrow-minded hysteria the very real panic of parents who feel they are losing control of their children to an ever more debased popular culture; in the process this elitism condescends not only to the parents but to the culture as well. For 40 years, a lot of us said rock & roll could change one's life, and now we not only deny it but also insist on its inconsequentiality when it suits our political purposes. What once went around has now come around: As conservatives love to point out, in the '60s the clergy of the left were perfectly happy to cast the debates over civil rights and Vietnam in brutally religious and moral terms; and in the presidential election of 1960, questions about John Kennedy's Catholicism, and how it might inform his conduct of the presidency, were condemned out of hand by liberals as just anti-papist bigotry, when in fact the structure and orthodoxy of the Catholic Church made such questions entirely valid, at least until Kennedy forthrightly addressed them. Now, confronted with comparable questions, the Christian right sheathes its bully tactics in the same indignant protests of religious persecution. The religion that is its political sword is, as well, its political shield.

Happiest for the Christian right, though, in terms of sheer power politics, is that it has the luxury of being, in the deepest recesses of its soul, anti-democratic. In its righteous wrath it hates democracy's messiest promise: that at the Rubicon of freedom that the Bill of Rights represents, the values of the majority must accede to those irritating inalienable rights that God, possessed by some subversive impulse, gives to each of us. This allows Paul Weyrich and the guests on his TV show to turn definitions of freedom inside out, so who you marry and how you conduct your own private life somehow becomes an infringement upon their beliefs, in the same way that Ralph Reed's proposed refinement of the Constitution, the religious equality amendment, would slyly sabotage the First Amendment by invading public life with more and more religious ritual and symbolism, relegating freedom of worship to the rule of the many rather than the conscience of the one. There is also the implicit argument of cultural conservatives that democracy invalidates itself when it elects someone like, say, Bill Clinton, who is viewed as not merely a bad president but a false one. In what might be considered constitutional heresy, this conviction has been rein-

forced over the last several years by House Republican leader Dick Armey, Sen. Jesse Helms, retired Lt. Col. Oliver North and Republican presidential candidate Robert Dornan, in references on the floor of Congress (when addressing Democrats) to "your president" or the refusal to call Clinton the commander in chief. The insidious logic of this is that any electoral process that produces an illegitimate president must thereby be illegitimate itself. The last time a presidency's very legitimacy was so challenged by so many was 1861.

It may be that in terms of the 1996 election and beyond, the only thing that will finally stop the Christian right is the Christian right. Having grown to become the single most powerful political force in the country, driving the



country's most powerful political party at both the grassroots and institutional levels, it has nonetheless shown the first signs of cracking like a fake diamond; and if the chisel was Colin Powell's quasi candidacy, the hammer was the movement's own success. The Christian right is now bigger than a single spokesman or point of view can control. About as monolithic as Eurocommunism, its ever more fragmented leadership is splayed across a spectrum that extends from the two-fisted intellectualism of William Bennett (who in a flash of either expediency or wisdom has recently suggested the crusade against abortion might better be left to argument than to a constitutional amendment) to the gonzo terrorism of Operation Rescue's Randall Terry (whose bloodlust in the name of the unborn has a certain psychotic ecstasy about it). Terry probably makes Gary Bauer wince almost as much as Bennett does.

If Bauer does not endorse a presidential candidate because none is quite unsullied enough for him, Ralph Reed — "a pro," Clinton adviser George Stephanopoulos calls him, not unadmirably — has reasons altogether shrewder and more hardheaded. He knows that Republicans may consider the Christian right in the same terms that Democrats view African-Americans, as a voting bloc that not only will have nowhere else to go in November but also is potentially more trouble than it's worth. Political analyst Kevin Phillips sees Christian conservatives as "a slight net minus for Republicans, pushing the party too far to the right and throwing Bob Dole off balance in the process, which is why his poll numbers have sagged recently. The Christian right is worth something if you don't have to make a lot of concessions to get it, which, of course, you always do." Democratic pollster Guy Molyneux agrees, saying that Christian conservatives are "an extremely important group of voters to have. It makes up



THE TRUEST BELIEVER: ALAN KEYES, WHO CALLS HIMSELF AN ABOLITIONIST, CAMPAIGNS IN DES MOINES, IOWA.

right are not always likely to feel bound by such canny calculations. At a Republican convention in Florida a few of months ago, where reportedly a third of the delegates would have counted themselves such foot soldiers and the Christian Coalition held a huge rally in town the night before, I watched presidential candidate Alan

Keyes, a former State Department and U.N. official who rules his own little part of the right wing's talk-radio empire, electrify and transport the delegates almost beyond their better political judgment. One of the least-known men running for the Republican nomination, he came onto the stage, his black face looming Oz-like over the convention's giant monitors. Keyes' strategy apparently was to humiliate the delegates into supporting him, chiding them not only for their failure of nerve but also for their moral failure, too: You say you want a revolution, he declared, but I am the true revolutionary, the one who understands that the real problem with America is spiritual, the decimation of "the marriage-based two-parent family," the holocaust of abortion, the fraud of affirmative action. "I am an abolitionist!" he thundered. Just as 150 years ago he would have fought to free the slaves from their plantation chains, he had now come to free the Republicans from common sense.

Listening to Keyes, the audience became prostrate with rapture. The more it cheered, the more he insulted it and the more it cheered back. When his allotted time ran out and he wasn't finished, the convention officials turned off the microphone; the audience howled in protest. Keyes didn't move. Minutes passed. Music blared from the speakers. Dislodged not an inch, Keyes went right on screaming, and though no one could hear a word he said, the cheering just got louder and louder, until the mike finally came back on, as though he had transformed his voice back into sound through nothing more or less than his own will and perhaps God's. The crowd roared. It roared for the chime of his words and the authenticity of his righteous fervor, and it may have even roared for his blackness, which, im-

probably, in a gathering that included few African-Americans, made him one of them. Like all the true believers among the Christian Coalition, not Pat Robertson or Ralph Reed but the ordinary people they exploit whose anguish is deep and heartfelt, Keyes was a fellow outcast, another American nomad, and it was not just his words that wore that status but his face, the black face and the white blinding words.

When Keyes finished and left the stage, I rushed out into the open convention center to find him. He was hurrying away in the wake of the sensation he had created, lingering for a moment among a crowd of dazed new admirers. These were not wealthy retirees responding to the novelty of a black archconservative, congratulating themselves on the fact that he was OK with



WEYRICH, THE ARCHITECT OF THE CHRISTIAN-RIGHT NETWORK

between 10 and 19 percent of the electorate . . . but if the candidates are seen as catering to that wing too much, it can hurt them." Ann Lewis, Clinton's deputy campaign manager, says, "I think the real question in 1996 is whether a determined, politically mobilized minority will continue to hold the American political system hostage as it succeeded in doing in 1994." She says the answer "depends on how many people turn out to vote." In other words, Reed's Christian Coalition has become paralyzed by its new power: It is now large enough to bear the responsibility for Dole's possible defeat in 1996 in the way it wasn't quite yet formidable enough to bear the blame for Bush's in 1992; and if it should mobilize behind someone who then falters, the coalition's influence would falter with him, in the same way the Moral Majority faltered with Pat Robertson in the late '80s. All of this might explain why, speaking on *Duffy and Company*, Reed sounded more preoccupied with keeping Republican control of the Congress than winning Republican control of the White House.

Reed aside, however, the foot soldiers of the Christian



GARY BAUER SPEARHEADS THE ANTI-POWELLMANIA CRUSADE.

them even if, no getting around it, he certainly was mighty black looking. Rather, these were old white men in frayed shirts and faded pants with the cuffs rolled too high, so genuinely moved by Keyes that they came up to shyly shake his hand and then didn't let go, pumping his hand over and over, not finding the words. Just as shyly, Keyes thanked them in return. The alchemy for this kind of connection is complicated almost beyond literal understanding. As [Cont. on 54]



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Madonna: Like A Virgin (Sire) 61153  
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Allman Brothers Band: Eat A Peach (Polydor) 63353  
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Scorpions: Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads (Mercury) 63492  
Faith No More: The Real Thing (Reprise) 63719 #  
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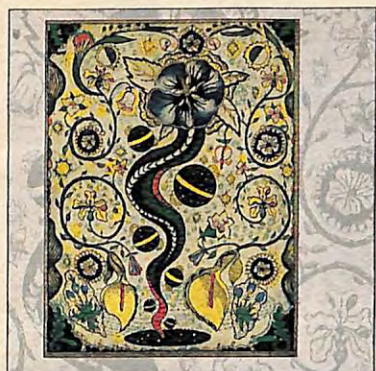
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BY DON MCLEESE



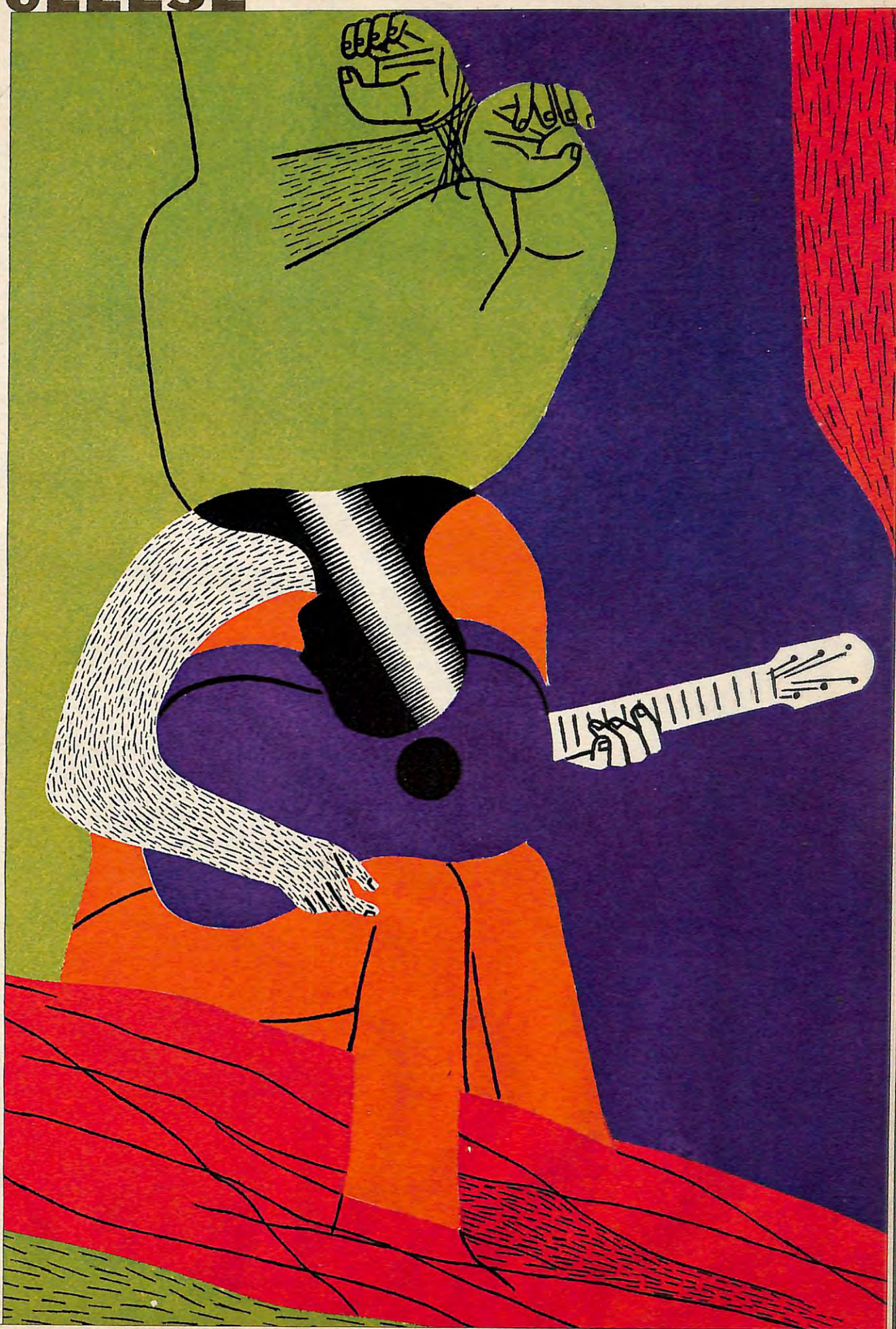
★★★★  
I FEEL ALRIGHT  
Steve Earle

*E-Squared/Warner Bros.*

IT SEEMS LIKE A COUPLE OF LIFETIMES ago that Steve Earle appeared destined to become the Bruce Springsteen of country music. Introducing himself with 1986's *Guitar Town*, Earle arrived on a wave of "new traditionalism" that extended from the terse conservatism of Randy Travis to the hillbilly flash of Dwight Yoakam.

While others in the class of '86 found popular acceptance more quickly, Earle showed the most potential. His Southern populism and unbridled rebelliousness offered a bridge between the hard twang of rural country music and the harder dynamics of rock, reinforcing the strengths of both camps rather than settling for a dilution more typical of the Eagles.

After continuing down the same road with 1987's *Exit 0*, an album almost as strong as *Guitar Town*, Earle took a metallic detour. Both *Copperhead Road* (1988) and *The Hard Way* (1991) buried some inspired material beneath too many guitars, undermining the country side of his music. As Earle began to attain greater notoriety for his drug use, divorces and tattoos than for his music, his once-promising career looked more like a highway wreck and was viewed with apprehension by those who slowed down to gape at the carnage. It was said that Earle couldn't even get arrested in Nashville —





until he hit bottom after a 1994 crack bust.

*I Feel Alright* sounds like the album Earle should have made after *Exit 0*, although its songs are fired by his struggles in the years since. As innocuous as the title sounds, Earle makes it seem more like a threat, a dare directed at those who "would live through me/Lock me up and throw away the key/Or just find a place to hide away/Hope that I'll just go away." He follows with a defiant "huh!" as if the tail-between-his-legs contrition that his detractors might have expected is about as likely as a dog learning to play guitar.

Though last year's acoustic *Train a Comin'* was widely (and, at the time, rightly) hailed as a renewal for Earle, the harder-edged conviction of *I Feel Alright* makes its predecessor feel like the musical equivalent of a halfway house. On *Train a Comin'*, Earle recast himself in the tradition of Texas troubadours, paying proper respect to his elders (Guy Clark and Townes Van Zandt in particular) while acknowledging his excesses in such songs as "Goodbye" and "Angel Is the Devil."

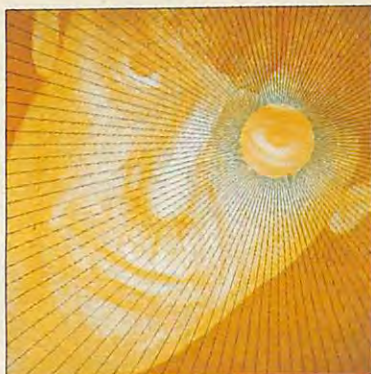
With *I Feel Alright*, Earle has returned full force with an electric vengeance. While such songs as "Hurtin' Me, Hurtin' You" and "Hard-Core Troubadour," with its playful quote from Springsteen's "Rosalita," sound like they could have been highlights from the best of Earle's early albums, there was nothing in his past work to predict the Beatlesque buoyancy and yearning harmonies of "More Than I Can Do," the bare-bones bluesiness of "CCKMP" ("Cocaine Cannot Kill My Pain") and "South Nashville Blues," or the string-laden, gospel-tinged heartbreak of "Valentine's Day."

The latter song is indicative of the album's production strength, in which streamlined arrangements provide just enough context for the naked emotion of the material. Whatever sentimental treacle a title such as "Valentine's Day" suggests, the ballad is as hard as any of the rockers, with the gospel legends Fairfield Four and a string section providing exquisite complement to Earle's ravaged vocals. In its wasted tenderness the performance is as uncompromising as "The Unrepentant," the tougher cut that follows.

Where so many self-styled outlaws succumb to bad-boy posturing, Earle allows equal opportunity to the women in his songs; the protagonist of "Now She's Gone" and the disstaff half of "Billy and Bonnie" show a wildness that puts the men to shame — and leads them to ruin. There is an air of romantic recklessness within even the more conventional love songs. On "More Than I Can Do," Earle pledges to

a resistant lover: "You said you're gonna call the cops/But I ain't gonna run/Because you're the only one."

On "You're Still Standin' There," a duet with Lucinda Williams that ends the album, such constancy seems more like a promise than a threat. Though much of the album offers a tour of one man's hell — with Earle as a roadhouse Dante — the songwriter's creative resurgence ultimately supplies his redemption. With an album that hits as hard and deep as *I Feel Alright*, the future looks bright for Steve Earle. Again.



★ ★ ★ ★  
**SET THE TWILIGHT REELING**  
Lou Reed

Warner Bros.

**A**FTER YOU'VE DEVOTED AN ENTIRE album to the ultimate concept — death and the mourning after — what do you do for an encore? If you're from New York and you're Lou Reed, you write about the kind of small pleasure that makes life amid the ruins worthwhile: the magic and luster of a good chocolate egg cream. Only Reed could invest a song about 50 cents' worth of seltzer and syrup with roiling guitar and almost corny vocal zeal ("You scream, I steam, we all want egg cream!") and put it at the beginning of a record about emotional renewal and personal discovery.

Then again, Reed has been singing about rebirth since "Beginning to See the Light," on the third Velvet Underground album, and the only difference between his egg cream jones and the hard-core addiction he dramatized in "Heroin" is one of degree. He's still talking about overwhelming need and desperate fulfillment.

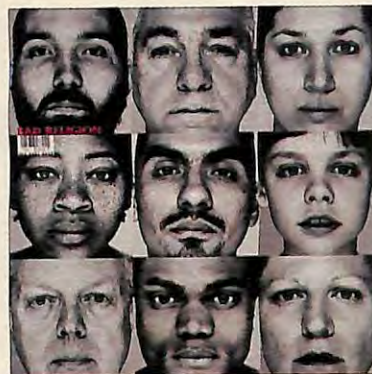
*Set the Twilight Reeling* does not boast either the narrative grip of Reed's 1992 mortality suite, *Magic and Loss*, or the high-velocity wordplay of 1989's *New York*. But *Twilight* is, in its shotgun way, strong, convincing Reed: prickly, confessional, poisonously funny, unabashedly romantic. And it gets under your skin in a cumulative way. The Motown-by-candlelight intonation of Reed's twangy guitar and whispery vocal is a model of minimalist soul. Reprising the rhythm from "Walk on the Wild Side" in "NYC Man" may seem like a sucker-bait play, but the familiar attitude shuffle and slightly sour horns suit the underlying

bitterness in Reed's tough-guy adieu. His kick in the right-wing nuts, "Sex With Your Parents (Motherfucker) Part II," is more like a comic intermission, but nobody else in rock & roll says the *M* word with more drop-dead class.

Reed has dedicated *Set the Twilight Reeling* to his paramour, Laurie Anderson, and he is not embarrassed to step up to the kissing booth in either the doofy chorus of "HookyWooky" or the wry wooing of "The Proposition" ("But just like a bulb screws into a lamp/And we were meant to be"). The album, however, is less about consummation than transformation and its consequences — for better and worse. The austere R&B pledge of troth "Trade In" is mined with loathing and self-incrimination. With its *Loaded*-era guitars and *Berlin*-style fatalism, "The Adventurer" is lucent pop with a tart aftertaste, a song of poignant admiration and pointed leaving.

Reed has been a changed man on record so many times, it's easy to mistake sincerity for shtick. But the central image in the closing, elegiac title track of a soul singer in mid-epiphany — "But as the drums beat, he finds himself growing hard/In the microphone's face he sees her face growing large. . . . I accept the new-found man and set the twilight reeling" — has the ring of truth and the distinct kick of autobiography. And when you get right down to it, true love and a new day rising are both a lot like a good egg cream: sweet relief.

— DAVID FRICKE



★ ★ ★ ★  
**THE GRAY RACE**  
Bad Religion

Atlantic

**F**ORGET THAT ARMY OF NEO-punkers beating old formulas to death; *The Gray Race* comes more than 15 years after Bad Religion first roared out of the Los Angeles suburbs, already committed to slipping substance into their grinding rock groove. The songs are wordier now, filled with earnest warnings about the continuing collapse of Western society, but the band hasn't lost its frantic drive or knack for clean pop hooks. For Bad Religion, punk has always been more than three chords and a fashionable snarl.

Greg Graffin shows no interest in easy profit by playing to present-day adolescent fears. Backed by the fervent guitar work of Greg Hetson and Brian

Baker (who replaced founding member Brett Gurewitz), Graffin instead challenges listeners with grim dissections of mankind as a species, offering dire predictions of a population catastrophe. "Empty Causes" even draws parallels between the unmet promises of '60s utopia and his own mohawked fans' futile shouts of "fuck the government."

"Punk Rock Song" explores horrors far beyond the stilted comforts of suburbia and takes aim at the twisted political values of a disintegrating national culture: "Ten million dollars on a losing campaign/Twenty million starving and writhing in pain." Graffin's indictments are delivered at a quick pace; producer Ric Ocasek allows barely a second to pass between tracks. Sociopolitical manifestoes aside, songs like "A Walk" are as energetic and hook filled as an old Go-Go's tune.

There is a sameness to some songs that keeps the album from matching such milestones as 1988's *Suffer* or 1993's *Recipe for Hate*. But even if bands like Green Day and Rancid sell more records by aping the old punk sounds, Bad Religion are working to bring a deeper sense of purpose to a music they can honestly call their own.

— STEVE APPLEFORD



★ ★ ★ ★  
**LOOKING EAST**  
Jackson Browne

Elektra

**W**ITH THE DEATH KNELL TOLLING for classic rock, some of our most beloved dinosaurs may begin resorting to desperate and potentially embarrassing measures to seem hip. But not Jackson Browne, bless his heart. He even looks the same as he did 20 years ago: same modified pageboy hairdo, same soulful puppy-dog eyes that drive a certain type of girl crazy. And on his new album, *Looking East*, Browne delivers earnest, graceful roots pop that's in keeping with the direction his music has been going since the 70s.

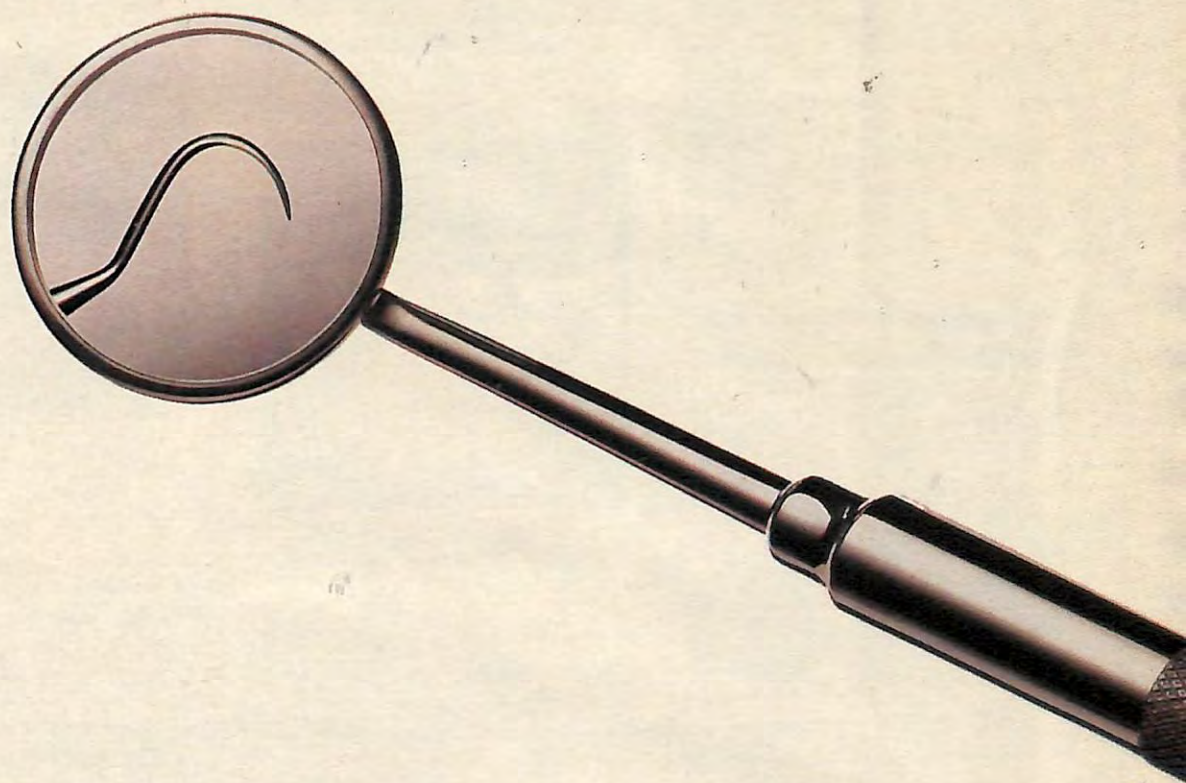
That's not to say that Browne has blazed a narrow trail. He has shown himself to be equally adept at driving rockers and tender, folksy ballads, and has tackled both confessional writing and social commentary. On his last LP, 1993's *I'm Alive*, Browne looked predominantly inward; on *Looking East*, he shifts his focus back a bit to some of the troubles surrounding him. But however bummed out he gets, the

## RECORD RATINGS

- ★★★★★ CLASSIC
- ★★★★ EXCELLENT
- ★★★ GOOD
- ★★ FAIR
- ★ POOR

Ratings are supervised by the "Rolling Stone" editors.





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music — much of which Browne wrote in collaboration with the members of his band — is warm and buoyant, and the arrangements are full of space and light.

The lyrics offer hope, too. Granted, the reggae-laced "It Is One" paints a pretty bleak picture of global violence and oppression. But on "Alive in the World," Browne falls in sync with the lilting melody and enjoys the big roller-coaster ride "with all its heartbreak and its joy." The title track is equally corny and endearing, offsetting warnings of hunger and discontent with upbeat guitar chords and a message about the power of positive thinking.

And, happily, Browne indulges us with a couple of silly love songs. "Baby How Long" benefits from a sinuous slide-guitar riff and backing vocals by Bonnie Raitt. And "I'm the Cat" is Browne at his peaceful, easy best; it's a shimmering gem with a playful lyric and a tasty hook. Virtues like those never go out of style. But about that hair. . . — ELYSA GARDNER



★★★  
**PUSSY, KING OF THE PIRATES**  
The Mekons With Kathy Acker  
*Quarterstick/Touch and Go*

FOR NEOPHYTES WHO HAVE LONG heard that the Mekons may be the best-kept secret in the post-punk underground, this is an unpromising album with which to begin a long-term romance. And for Kathy Acker fans, the Mekons may come across as too boozy and ruddy for Acker's abstract, albeit X-rated, brand of post-feminism. Which is exactly why these contrarians got together — coying up to expectations was never part of the agenda.

The Mekons contribute a typical hodgepodge of music that includes Eastern syncopations, reggae, Eurodisco, misty balladry and thrash metal. But the focus is primarily on Acker, who wrote all the lyrics and reads several snippets of text between songs (her novel of the same title is to be released concurrently). In her grace-through-degradation sea tale, innocents search for treasure with the help of female pirates, who lead them to an orgasm of apocalyptic proportion. The Mekons make the most of this odd artistic pairing. "The whole rotten world come down and break. . . Let me spread my legs," bawls the Mekons' Sally Timms in an uncharacteristic and effectively bawdy manner.

Behind its explicit lyrics and fractured

music, *Pussy* loads up on big concepts: original sin, sex as salvation, the end of the world. But where Acker and the Mekons mesh most closely is on the subjects of identity and transcendence. Acker narrates: "Whenever I get something that I want, it isn't good enough. To be female, for me, is to want everything." Later, the Mekons' Rico Bell croons in falsetto-voiced empathy over a pulsing disco track: "I've had it with living and dying/There's something else I must find." Acker and the Mekons have long understood the world's futility and ugliness. Yet in their art there is possibility, so they stumble on. There is always something else they must find, and on *Pussy*, they find refuge from the world in sexual anarchy. — GREG KOT



★★★  
**DOWN BY THE OLD MAINSTREAM**  
Golden Smog  
*Rykodisc*

YESTERDAY IS JUST THE DAY BEFORE today," begins Golden Smog's "Yesterday Cried." Such stultifying blandness isn't typical of this CD, but with only five days to write and cut their debut album, Golden Smog couldn't be fussy. So *Down by the Old Mainstream* features songs about "Pecan Pie" and an Everyjerk who borrows money and never pays it back ("He's a Dick"), as well as a crisp cover of a Faces' sob song, "Glad and Sorry."

There are also the kind of smart melodies and harmonies it takes years to perfect and music that is as comfortable as an electric blanket on a stormy night. Think of the Byrds and the Stones shuffled together by some cosmic blackjack dealer. More appropriately, think of Soul Asylum guitarist Dan Murphy, Wilco's Jeff Tweedy, ex-Jayhawks Gary Louris and Marc Perlman, Kraig Johnson of the dirt rockers Run Westy Run and drummer Noah Levy of Minneapolis' Honeydogs. And think of Golden Smog as a sort of bender, its members tanked on a mutual love of country-rock twang and the rush of creating spontaneous music.

The band formed around Murphy, Louris and Soul Asylum singer Dave Pirner, who were lurching about their Twin Cities home turf, looking for action between gigs. They found it by hitting the bars and playing covers, and they put five of those on 1992's *On Golden Smog* EP. With Pirner busy dating Winona Ryder,

the new Smog are more ambitious. They write their own songs and have expanded their semiacoustic palette with mandolin, piano, Dylanesque harmonica squeals and lots of Murphy's savvy slide guitar. It pays off on songs like "V" and Murphy's Soul Asylum leftover "Ill Fated" — strong character portraits with powerhouse choruses reinforced by the brassy harmonies.

That's all that's slick. Splinters of laughter, ad-libs and fingers slipping on strings are also in the mix. But what makes *Down by the Old Mainstream* sweeter than pecan pie is the inviting sound of people having fun. — TED DROZDOWSKI



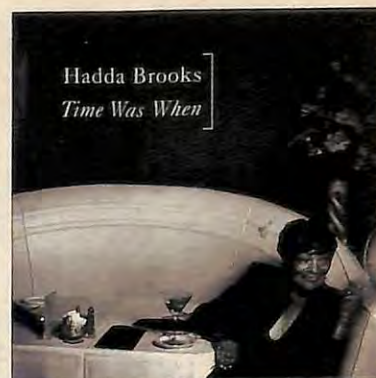
★★★  
**LIVIN' PROOF**  
Group Home  
*Payday/FRR*

AFTER DROPPING TWO SOLID SINGLES, "Supa Star" and the title track "Livin' Proof," during the past year, the rappers Lil' Dap and Melachi the Nut Cracker come through like glue on the long play. On *Livin' Proof*, they stick to the same formula of sparse, monotonic rhymes over Gang Starr producer DJ Premier's intricately crafted and hook-laden moods. Though neither Dap nor Mel is likely to be voted MC of the Year, they talk about New York pain — growing up in the inner city — with unique insight and wisdom beyond their years.

While many of their contemporaries concern themselves with materialism, on "Suspended in Time," Dap raps, "I think about my soul/Cause the shell is just a frame/Only used for money hustling/And playing the game." Meanwhile, Mel makes moves like a motivational speaker: "I know that it's tough/Coming up in the street/You will be strong/Because you can't be weak/You gotta put ya mind on achieve mode/Go for ya goals/Boom, boom, explode," as sea gulls shriek in the distance.

Known for his ill-bient noise and bumping beats, Premier supplies the scratch and cut from the turntables, putting comedian Paul Mooney to work on "Sacrifice" (with lines like "this shit was created to make niggas tweak"). Gang Starr's Guru checks in behind the boards as well with the coast-to-coast party jam "Serious Rap Shit," on which he drops a guest spot with a fellow Gang Starr crew member, Big Shug. The jewel, however, comes from underground producer Big Jazz, who freaks a *Mission*

Impossible horn sample on the haunting "4 Give My Sins." With tracks like these, Mel and Dap represent the low-budget environment with their style of inner-city blues. — S.H. FERNANDO JR.



★★★  
**TIME WAS WHEN**  
Hadda Brooks  
*Pointblank/Virgin*

IN THE LATE '40S, LOS ANGELES' Central Avenue was the West Coast equivalent of 125th Street in New York's Harlem, and it jumped to boogie and slow-danced to cocktail blues. Straddling both camps was Hadda Brooks, a classically trained pianist and drop-dead gorgeous crooner. She scored hits on Modern Records with boogie-woogie instrumentals and romantic ballads, and went on to become the first black woman to host a television show. It's a fascinating story, one largely forgotten until Brooks came out of retirement in 1987 to play the cabaret circuit. In 1994, 25 of her Modern sides were assembled on *That's My Desire*. Now, *Time Was When* features 15 new songs by the 80-year-old singer.

Brooks' arthritic hands can no longer replicate the keyboard pyrotechnics of her youth, nor can her voice recapture its lustrous sensuality. Rather than serve up a pale imitation of a lost past, she has revamped her style. She no longer stretches out her words into the elongated purr of a young woman in love for the first time; she now clips her phrasing into the pithy comments of a woman impatient with games and explanations. On "Can You Look Me in the Eyes and Say We're Through?" she delivers her questions with the dry irony and self-assurance of a cross-examining attorney who knows the answers.

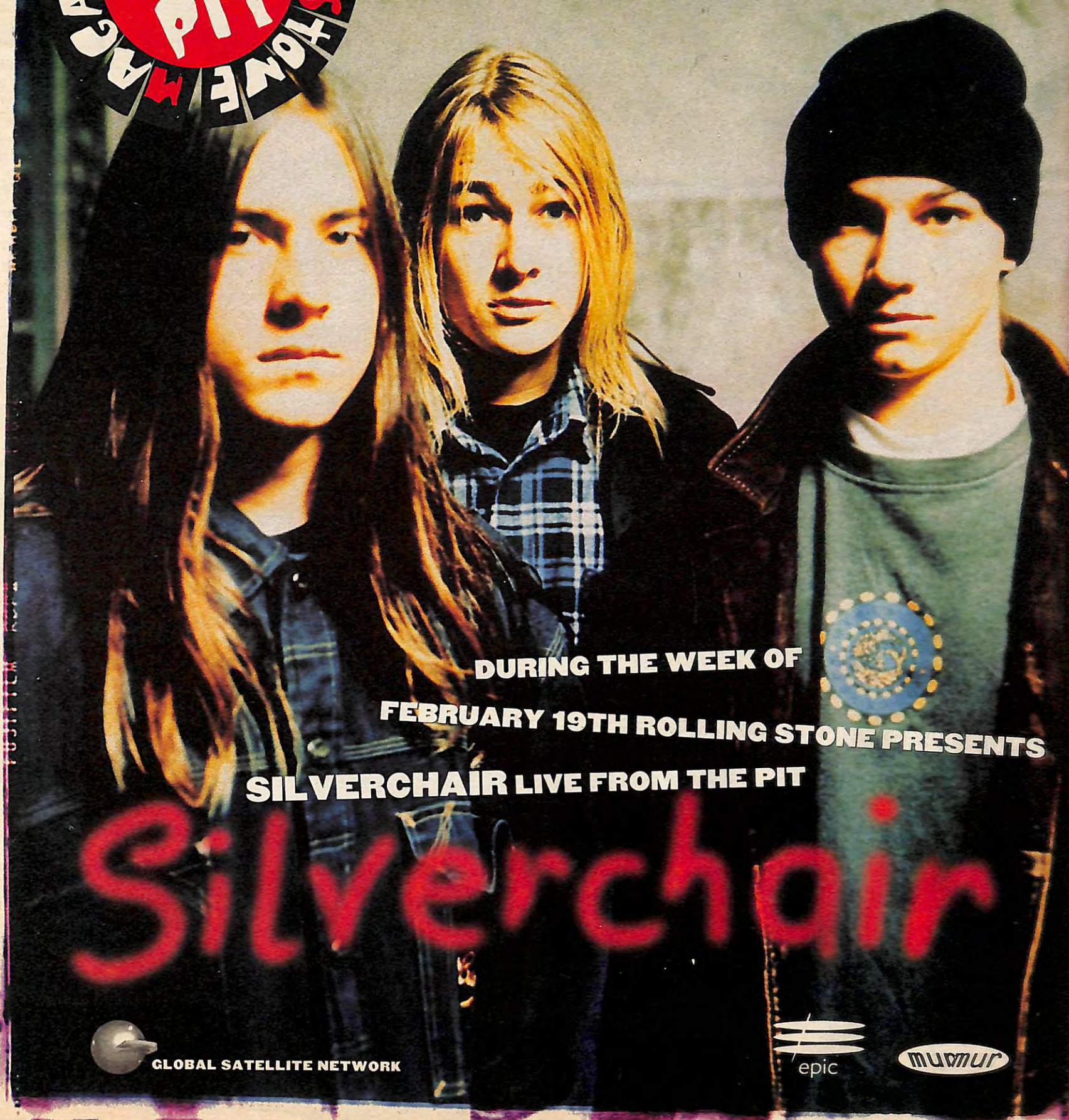
On the title track, Brooks sings, "Time was when you said lots of silly things to please me," with the older but wiser air of a woman who won't get fooled again. She recycles two Modern hits, "I Feel So Good" and "You Won't Let Me Go," tackles show tunes by the likes of Richard Rodgers, delivers a saucy version of Bessie Smith's "Need a Little Sugar" and provides new compositions of her own. Working with only a bassist, guitarist and cellist, she strips away the cutesiness of contemporary cabaret to reveal a kind of blues that fits the dignity and wisdom of a true survivor. — GEOFFREY HIMES





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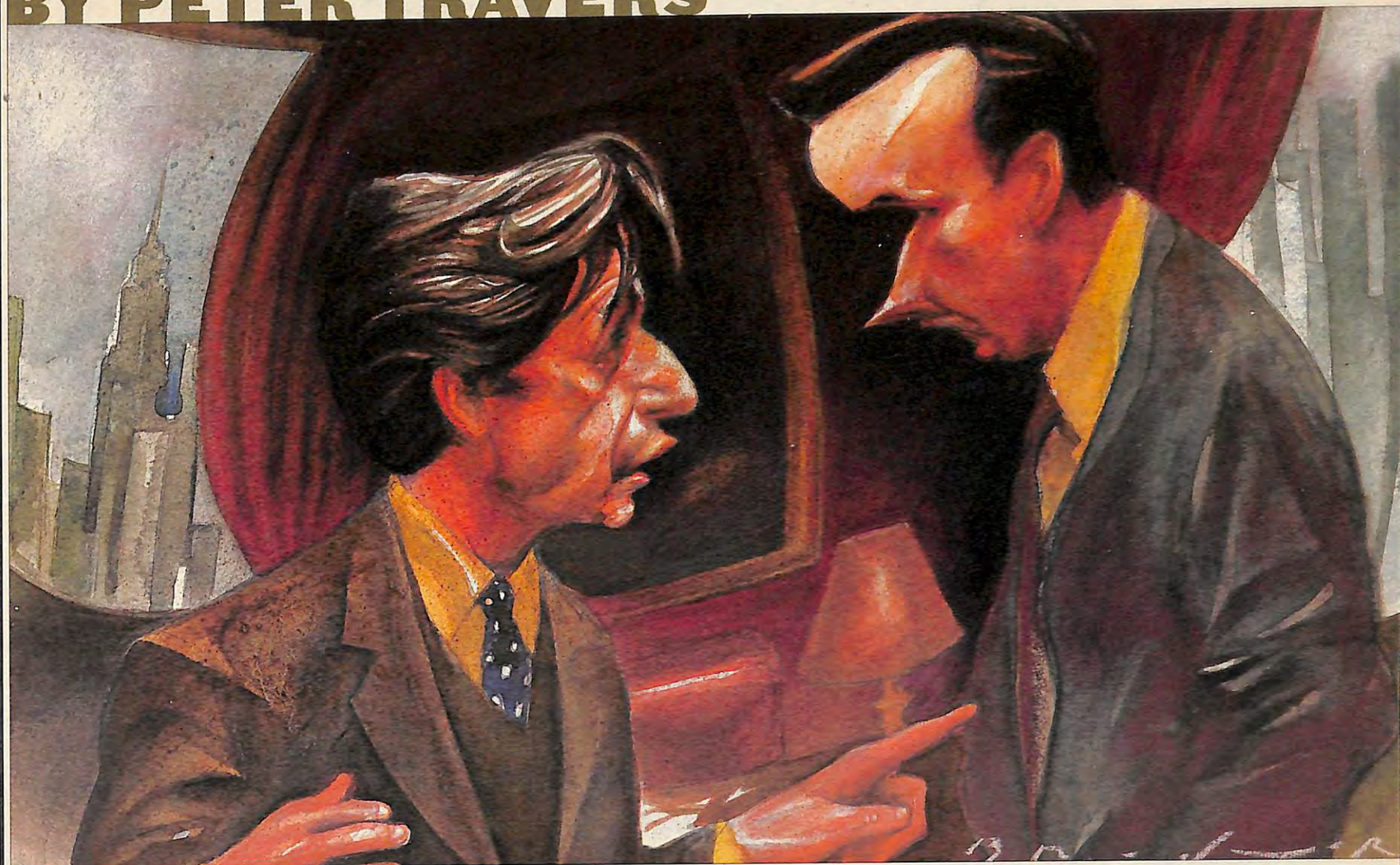
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# MOVIES HIZZONER AND DISHONOR

BY PETER TRAVERS



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AND BRIDGET FONDA

### WRITTEN BY

KEN LIPPER, PAUL SCHRADER,  
NICHOLAS PILEGGI AND BO GOLDMAN

### DIRECTED BY

HAROLD BECKER

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT

**H**OT TOPICS DON'T COME hotter in this Whitewater election year than how to judge the character of those who govern. *City Hall*, a timely and smartly entertaining political drama starring Al Pacino as the fictional New York Mayor John Pappas, gnaws at the heart of the issue: Where does a public servant draw the line be-

tween cutting corners and corruption? A 6-year-old black boy, James Bone, is shot and killed in the cross fire between a cop and a drug dealer. The dealer, the nephew of a mob kingpin, should never have been paroled. An investigation is launched to uncover a web of duplicity stretching from the courts to the office of the mayor.

The plot sounds hokey and plays that way in the film's trailer, which tries to sell a thoughtful meditation on politics as a thriller diller. Wrong move. *City Hall* is a film in which the good guys and the bad guys don't come with convenient labels. It's crucial to keep your antenna out as director Harold Becker (*Sea of Love*, *Malice*) prowls the corridors of power.

Pacino, at his spellbinding best, comes right at you. His mayor is a silver-tongued populist with ambitions toward the White House; Deputy Mayor Kevin Calhoun (John Cusack) has the media savvy to help get him there. Kevin hero-worships his Greek mentor, who has the sass to tell a Japanese dignitary that New York is "the sushi capital of the world" and the charm to get a laugh out of it. The mayor is also pragmatic. It turns out the bullet in the

kid came from the dealer's gun instead of the cop's. To the mayor, "that passes for good news." Hizzoner has the balls to attend James' funeral, where he is not welcome, and delivers an oration ("I am with you, little James") that exhorts the congregation to rise up on the wings of this slain angel and rebuild the city. Pacino makes the speech outrageous and affecting, a political ploy that is nonetheless deeply felt.

Kevin buys into the mayor's rap and what he views as harmless political expediency. It is Kevin who greases the press, points the mayor toward the right widows to kiss and pisses up the leg of politicians his boss can't afford to offend. This lapsed Catholic from Louisiana, who is dissed as "shrimp boats" by the back-room cronies, is a rich role for Cusack, who is remarkably good. There is a glint of killer cunning in his performance, which holds its edge even when the script steers the character in the sappy direction of bruised innocence and a dumb flirtation with Bridget Fonda as Marybeth Cogan, a lawyer whose skirts ride up just enough to arouse his baser instincts.

What a shame that *City Hall* feels the

need to sink to hackneyed romance when its political machinations are so compelling. It's no accident that the film gets the details right. Ken Lipper, who came up with the story and the first draft of the script, served as deputy mayor to New York's Ed Koch from 1983 to 1985. That three other writers — Nicholas Pileggi (*GoodFellas*), Paul Schrader (*Taxi Driver*) and Bo Goldman (*Scent of a Woman*) — with a New York bent also contributed to the screenplay adds to the sense of reality.

Cinematographer Michael Seresin, shooting on location in all five New York boroughs and inside the 183-year-old City Hall, puts you right in the picture. Veteran Gothamites may find traces of Koch, the late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, Gov. Mario Cuomo and former Rep. Vito Marcantonio in Pacino's John Pappas. They may see some of Queens Borough President Donald R. Manes, who committed suicide in 1986 after being implicated in a political scandal, in Frank Anselmo, the Brooklyn borough leader played by Danny Aiello. And in Judge Walter Stern (Martin Landau), who paroled the drug dealer under pressure



from those who influenced his nomination for the bench, they may hear echoes of the controversy about politicizing the judiciary that had former Mayors Koch and David Dinkins hurling insults at current Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and vice versa.

Of course, nobody outside New York would give a damn about all this if *City Hall* didn't use its local authenticity to raise questions of universal relevance. In putting a human face on politics, the film shows how good intentions as well as bad can lead to bending the rules and breaking them. The mayor's relationship with Frank — Aiello is perfect in the role — offers a telling lesson in the art of accommodation. The mayor needs a skyscraper built in Brooklyn to win jobs and votes. The Brooklyn boss needs the mayor to build a subway stop to please his real-estate pals and mobster Paul Zappati, played by Anthony Franciosa in a welcome return to the screen. Mayor and boss hook up in the lobby of a Broadway theater showing *Carousel* — Frank is a softie for the tunes of Rodgers and Hammerstein — and the talk is tough: "You're only a boss, Frank. I'm the fucking mayor. Mayors rule." In fact, both get what they want. The mayor tells Kevin it has to do with *menschkeit*,

between a handshake. Naive? What if it is? The movie flies hearteningly in the face of cheap political cynicism: It says you can fight City Hall and win.



CRAZY LOVE: TIMOTHY HUTTON AND NATALIE PORTMAN

## BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

IT'S THE USUAL DRILL ABOUT SMALL-town guys who turn 30 and still fuck up with women. What saves director Ted Demme's comic talkfest from sitcom slickness is a quirky script by Scott Rosenberg and an appealing cast. Matt Dillon is Tommy, the former high school Romeo reduced to plowing snow and fantasizing about his ex-girl (Lauren Holly) while mistreating his new one (Mira Sorvino). Tommy's buddy Paul (Michael Rapaport) also plows snow, neglects his girl (Martha Plimpton) and fantasizes about supermodels. Willie (Timothy Hutton) plays piano bars in New York, but he returns for a school reunion. The guys hang at a bar owned by Stinky (Pruitt Taylor Vince) and flirt with his gorgeous cousin Andra (Uma Thurman). But Willie loses his heart to the beautiful Marty (Natalie Portman), whose wisdom floors him. There's a problem — she's only 13. Willie doesn't act on his attraction, although Paul prods him ("If they can cut their own food, it's OK"). In a relationship that skirts bad taste, Hutton and Portman make tender movie magic, giving this big-screen spin on *Friends* its only moments of true romantic yearning.



PACINO SAYS HIS PIECE AS A MAYOR UNDER SUSPICION.

a Yiddish word he picked up from Chief of Staff Abe Goodman (the invaluable David Paymer). It's about "honor, character, something between men . . . the space between a handshake." And power. "Because what good are you to the people without it?" asks the mayor. Kevin sees it as a horseshit excuse for clubhouse deals that rub out the ethical line a politician is not supposed to cross even for the worthiest cause. Deals can get people killed; this time it was a 6-year-old child.

In exposing a system that encourages politicians and voters alike to run moral caution lights, this tale of a dishonored mayor and his disillusioned boy lays down a challenge for audiences. It suggests that the true test of character comes in keeping a vigil over that metaphoric space

## CHUNGKING EXPRESS

DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA — meaning nonstop action — just because this feature from Hong Kong director Wong Kar-wai is being released in America under Quentin Tarantino's stewardship. It's the Q man's fixation with Jean-Luc Godard's new wave visual riffs, not blood and guts, that drew him to this haunting, hallucinatory romance. Two Hong Kong cops, No. 223 (Takeshi Kanehiro) and No. 663 (Tony Leung Chin-

# THE BUZZ AT SUNDANCE

ON THE PLANE FROM NEW York to Utah for the 1996 Sundance Film Festival, a female passenger refused to switch to a window seat when she found her aisle perch afforded a better view of Al Pacino, headed for the world premiere of *Looking for Richard*, his debut as a director. On the return trip to New York four days later, I sat behind Todd Solondz, the young director who had just won the Grand Jury Prize for his second film, *Welcome to the Dollhouse*. Nobody made a fuss about Solondz. In fact, when the bespectacled, sweetly befuddled filmmaker couldn't find space in the overhead compartment to store his carry-on bag, a flight attendant brusquely told him to shove it under his seat.

So much for fame. The great thing about Sundance, the institute for independent film founded by Robert Redford in 1981, is that at least for the duration of the festival, Pacino and Solondz were equals. Just two nervous guys worried about how their personal projects would go over with an audience of 3,000, including 500 journalists, that trudged through snow and slime-ball cell-phone-carrying Hollywood agents to catch films that the major studios wouldn't ordinarily sniff at.

Pacino wasn't packing *Heat* or anything remotely commercial. His witty and incisive documentary uses *Richard III* as the text and pretext for making Shakespeare more accessible. His risk pays major dividends, as does Solondz's, whose sublime black comedy finds the pain and resiliency in a geeky seventh grader (Heather Matarazzo) whom even a mother can't love.

Matarazzo is the youngest of the women who dominated the event. Except for *Big Night*, a funny, touching and evocative '50s period piece about two brothers (Stanley Tucci and Tony Shalhoub) struggling to run an Italian restaurant, the guy movies dipped from Gen-X limp (*The Darien Gap*) to *Taxi Driver* derivative (*God's Lonely Man*). Sundance '96 was a women's world. Ten of the 18 films in the dramatic competition, be it *Female Perversions* or *Late Bloomers*, tackled feminist issues.

The best and toughest of the bunch is Jim McKay's *Girls Town*, about three high school seniors from New Jersey, piercingly played by Lili Taylor, Bruklin Harris and Anna Grace, who decide to bust out of the dead-end clichés laid down for them. A starvation budget that results in ragged picture and sound quality can't kill the power of a tale spoiling to be told.

Taylor also stars in Mary Harron's

*I Shot Andy Warhol*, for which she won a much-deserved acting award. Playing Valerie Solanas, a prostitute, a lesbian and the founder of SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men), Taylor finds the righteous rage in a pre-feminist who had been widely dismissed as a nut job. There is a fine anger, too, in Laura Dern's dynamite performance as a glue-sniffing, unwed and unapologetic mother-to-be in Alexander Payne's *Precious*, a keen satire of the extremes on both sides of the abortion issue.

Lesbianism figured prominently in many festival films, from the sweet looks exchanged by Swoosie Kurtz and Kelly Preston in *Precious* to the finger-in-the-crotch grappling of Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon in *Bound*. Straight domesticity was harder to find. Audiences knew trouble was brewing for Luke Perry in *Normal Life* when he wouldn't buy wife Ashley Judd (splendid as usual) the



"RICHARD": PACINO'S SUNDANCE DEBUT AS A DIRECTOR

puppy she wanted to get his slippers and lick his feet. "That's what I have you for," he quips. One male character in *Walking and Talking* actually complains of hearing too much "vagina music." Get used to it, buddy. On the basis of Sundance, the sisters are doing it for themselves and with a talent and vigor that won't be denied.

Oddly, the female-bonding film that won the festival's coveted Audience Award, Lee David Zlotoff's *Care of the Spitfire Grill* — starring the excellent Alison Elliott as an ex-con rebuilding her life in a Maine cafe — indulges in the kind of mush-brained sentiment you expect from a *Mr. Holland's Opus*, not a festival dedicated to experiment. When Castle Rock picked up the film for a whopping \$10 million (a Sundance record), the cynics predicted doom. They've been doing so since *sex, lies and videotape* put the festival on the commercial map in 1989. Like *Troublesome Creek*, the superb documentary about a Iowa family fighting to save its farm from the big banks, Sundance is fighting to hold its ideals against the merchant mentality. It's a battle that needs watching, but as Redford points out, "They haven't got a noose around us yet."



Wai), are dumped by their girlfriends and make fetishes of the things their ladies leave behind. Both cops encounter new women. For No. 223, it's a drug smuggler in a blond wig (Brigitte Lin) who falls asleep in his bed while he stares at whatever movies are playing on the tube. For No. 663, it's a counter girl (Faye Wang) who secretly cleans his apartment while listening to endless replays of the Mamas and the Papas' "California Dreamin'."

By now you can surely tell if this Wong's for you or an acquired taste best left to the cultists. Either decision is supportable. Still, there is no mistaking Wong's talent. His hypnotic images of love and loss finally wear down your resistance as seemingly discordant sights and sounds

coalesce into a radiant, crazy quilt that can make you laugh in awe at its technical wizardry in one scene and pierce your heart in the next. *Chungking Express* is pulp, Hong Kong style — exasperating and exhilarating.

## BROKEN ARROW

WHO ELSE BUT JOHN TRAVOLTA could win over an audience while playing a twisted Air Force major and Stealth bomber pilot who cold-cocks his trusting pilot pal (Christian Slater), steals two nuclear warheads and holds the world for ransom? His demand: Pay up or blow up. "You're out of your mind!" shouts one of his cronies. "Yeah," says Travolta. "Ain't it cool?"

It sure is. *Broken Arrow* — the title is military-speak for a lost nuclear device — delivers the hippest action fun around. In his second Hollywood film, following the disappointing *Hard Target* with Jean-Claude Van Damme, Hong Kong director John Woo is in dazzling form. Admirers of his non-Hollywood work shouldn't get too

excited. *Broken Arrow* doesn't allow for the spiritual epiphanies that mark *A Better Tomorrow*, *The Killer* and *Hard Boiled*. But the compensations are considerable. The script by Graham Yost (*Speed*) is wittily efficient, the weapons are state of the art, and the special effects — supervised by



SLATER AND TRAVOLTA CONFER WITH DIRECTOR WOO.

John Richardson (*Aliens*, *Cliffhanger*) — will have you ducking in your seat, especially during an underground nuclear explosion that turns the flat Arizona desert into rolling waves of sand high enough to surf.

Woo has been especially fortunate in his cast. Slater, beefed up to play pilot Riley Hale, makes a stalwart hero without losing his impish humor. His scenes with Samantha Mathis, as National Park Ranger Terry Carmichael, are sweet and sexy. Like Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock in *Speed*, they grab the occasional hot look while being chased and shot at.

Make no mistake, though — this is Travolta's show. His Vic Deakins cracks after being passed over for promotion once too often. But even playing a bonkers badass, Travolta is a pleasure to watch. Teeth flashing, blues eyes twinkling and cigarette elegantly poised, he exudes flyboy charm. Woo, who made a legend of actor Chow Yun-Fat in Hong Kong, knows movie-star glamour when he sees it, and he just lets Travolta rip. Good thinking. Travolta's *Dr. Strangelove* exit will blow you away. Ditto the movie. ■

# CAMPAIGN

[Cont. from 45] with Colin Powell, an America marked by the original sin of slavery longs for a black prophet to save it, and to call such a longing phony or sentimental would only betray a lack of imagination or poetry, even as the notion is so paradoxical as to border on the biblical, like Jesus saving the Jews for a world of Christianity.

JOHN WASN'T SURE IF I WAS THE Enemy or not. The head of a state chapter of the Christian Coalition, he was "gun-shy" on the telephone as I tried to arrange a meeting with him and several of his coalition followers. In part he was being protective of his rank and file. I tried to reassure him without conning him. The one thing I could promise was that I wasn't going to make fun of ordinary people working for something they sincerely believed in, whatever I might happen to think of it. Rather endearingly, John asked if *ROLLING STONE* would run his picture. "I always wanted to be in *ROLLING STONE*," he said, a longtime fan of Jimmy Page's guitar if not, presumably, sharing Page's appetite for young nubile and Aleister Crowley's black magic.

"You know," John tried to explain on the phone, "all the other political constituencies ask something from the government. We're the only one that doesn't ask anything. All we ask is that the government leave us alone." I confessed surprise to this. I told him I was under the impression that the Christian Coalition had a moral agenda, which it expected the state to translate into some sort of policy. "I'm sure there are some who do expect that," he allowed, "but most of us think the church should just be the cultural center of the country, while the government is the political center." He did describe contemporary American society variously as "aggressively secular" and "atheistic." I finally convinced him that he should be a part of this story and, setting a time and a place, urged him to bring along that photo and I'd at least pass it along to the editor. But I didn't bat an eye when, about 48 hours before our interview, John left a message on my phone machine in Los Angeles, canceling it. Some business had come up. "I hope," he said plaintively, "you won't be mad at me."

So the question I wanted to ask John I had to ask Gary Bauer instead. I saved it for last. "Do you think Bill Clinton is evil?" I asked.

Bauer fairly reeled in his chair. "Wow," he said quietly. Later, I counted off 20 full seconds on my tape before he even began to stumble into an answer. "I guess... I guess I would tend to define an individual as evil who is knowingly

doing wrong... so, no, I would not describe Bill Clinton as evil. I would describe him as misguided, a hopeless liberal, and I think both he and his wife have an ethical blind spot... But I wouldn't describe him as any more evil than any of the rest of us. We're all fallen men and women, and I certainly will have much to answer for," Bauer said with a laugh, "before the week's out."

"You really had to think about that answer, though," I said.

"I wanted to think about it," he admitted, "because I get mad enough at Clinton to start thinking of him in those terms. And there may even be times across the dinner table with my wife when I've used the word. But if I really reflect on it, it's not the appropriate way to describe somebody who, at the end of the day, is a political opponent and whose vision for the country is, I think, wrong, but well within the realm of the kind of disagreements that men and women of good faith can have in a democracy." And with that, Gary Bauer succumbed to the better angels of his nature.

"So I asked Bauer if Clinton is evil," I told George Stephanopoulos a few days later. We were sitting in the West Wing of the White House as the sun broke through outside, knolls of brown snow melting into a dirty deluge that might wash away Washington once and for all. "Evil!" Stephanopoulos exclaimed, perhaps only slightly less astonished than Bauer by my question. "He didn't actually say yes, did he?"

"He mustered every fiber of his being to say no," I told him.

"Those guys say no on the face of it," Stephanopoulos murmured. "But every message they send out says yes."

Walking back up Pennsylvania Avenue later, dodging the city's new rivers, I kept my eyes peeled for Jesus, on the off chance he had come back after all, and was hanging out in the seat of man's corruptible power. But I couldn't be sure I'd recognize him. He might not be the old bleeding-heart Jesus anymore, after all; he might be the Republicans' Jesus, altogether more efficient with his love and not wasting it on the sort of scum he squandered it on nearly 2,000 years ago — homeless riffraff and unwed teenage mothers and dying homosexuals. It isn't the Republicans' fault if Jesus had his priorities wrong, living with the trash while disdaining the respectable, even brandishing a whip. The new Jesus lives with the respectable and takes his whip to the trash. "Verily I say unto you," he may have told his followers once, "in as much as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me." But 2,000 years later, the new Jesus, buffed to a gleaming new rectitude, is as likely to answer in the delirious words that Randall Terry once used when implicitly exhorting his followers to murder abortion doctors. "Let a wave of hatred," he cried, "wash over you." ■

## N O W P L A Y I N G

### BLACK SHEEP

Name your poison when it comes to picking the TV comic who stoops lowest in trying to cash in at the movies. There's Ellen DeGeneres in the woeful *Mr. Wrong*, Tom Arnold in the boorish *Big Bully* and Adam Sandler in the hapless *Happy Gilmore*. My choices are Sandler's *SNL* buddies Chris Farley and David Spade (right) in *Black Sheep*, a Penelope Spheeris-directed farce that very nearly duplicates the plot of last year's twitty *Tommy Boy*, meaning that Spade is again the smirking smartass assigned to keep fatso Farley from fucking up. Enough said.



### THE JUROR

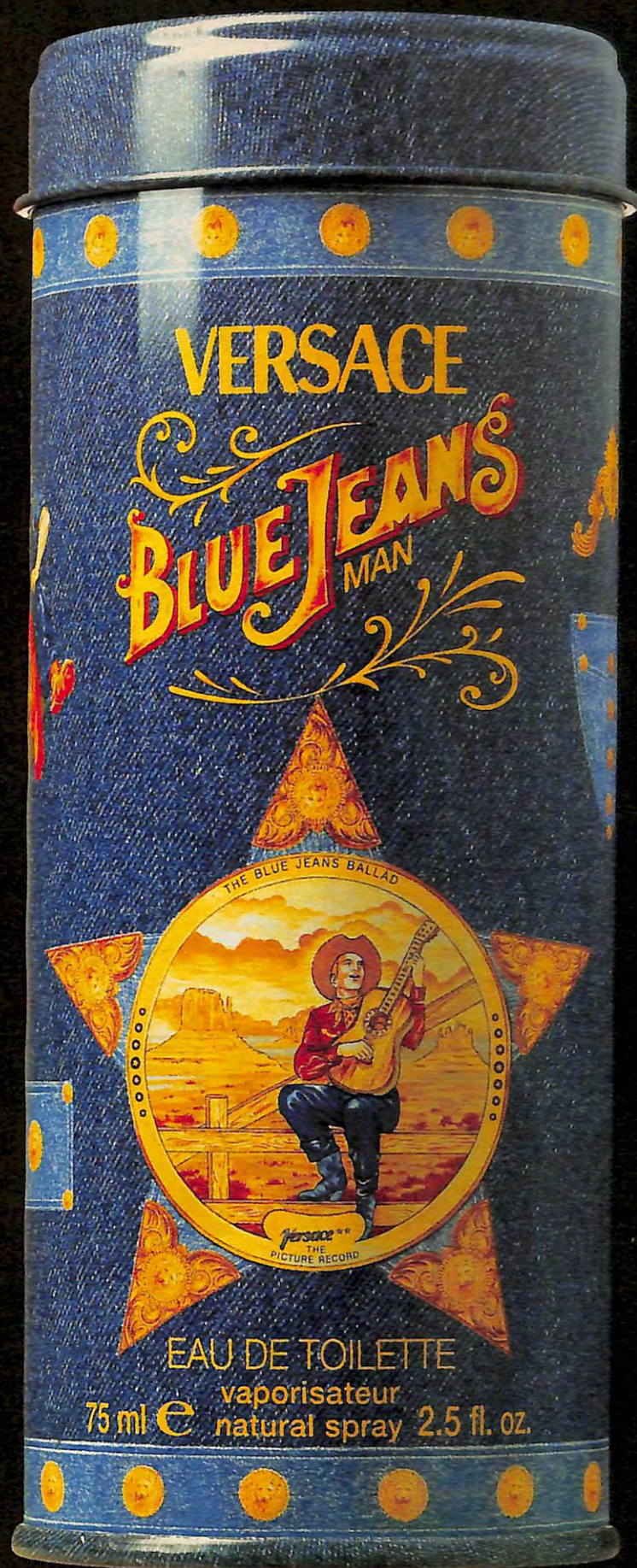
Demi Moore is back after the period-drama calamity of *The Scarlet Letter* with the contemporary drama disaster of *The Juror*. Moore plays Annie Laird, a single mother and a juror for the trial of a mobster. Alec Baldwin, known as the Teacher, is the mob psycho who threatens her and her son unless she votes to acquit. Moore and Baldwin trudge through this trash with little enthusiasm. P.S.: Didn't any-

body notice that this same stupid plot was just as badly made in 1994 as *Trial by Jury*, with Joanne Whalley-Kilmer and William Hurt? Or am I all alone in my suffering?



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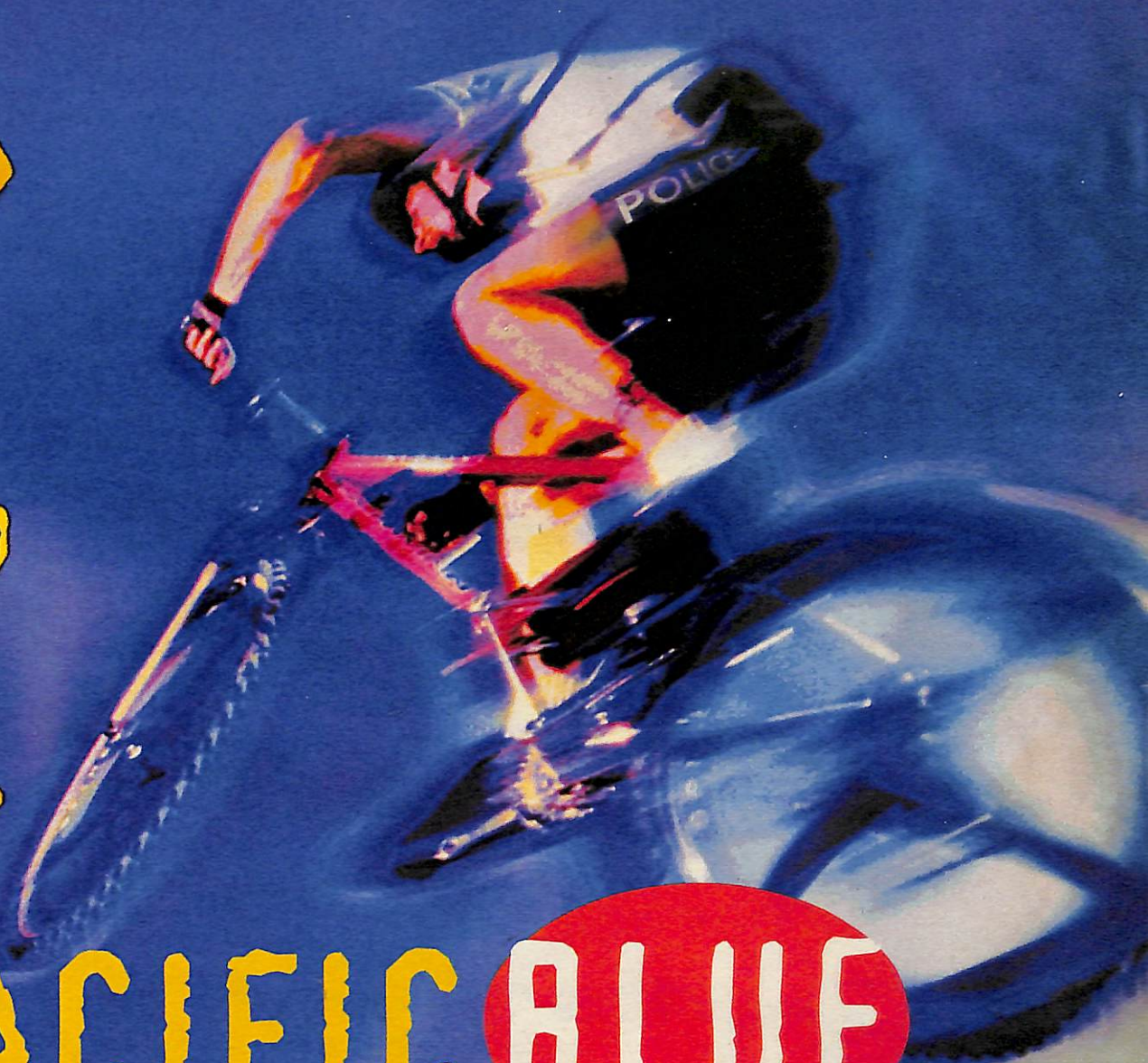
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# PACIFIC BLUE



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# TELEVISION A KID MAKES "NEWS"

BY DAVID WILD

**I**MAGINE "THE MARY TYLER Moore Show" except Mary is a guy who has Mr. Grant's job and is sleeping with a cute female Murray. Now make it a little more barbed and dysfunctional for the '90s, and you've got *NewsRadio*, the NBC sitcom with Kids in the Hall member Dave Foley starring as news director Dave Nelson. On the show, Foley plays the not so odd man out in a remarkably funny ensemble cast that also includes Phil Hartman, Andy Dick, Maura Tierney, Vicki Lewis and Stephen Root. To hear Foley tell it, he has long felt like the odd man out among the Kids in the Hall, a group of some of the oddest men in TV-comedy history. The Kids — who created five seasons of ambitious, gender-bending shows for HBO — mastered the art of staying brilliant without ever getting big. During a *NewsRadio* lunch break, Foley chatted about his new show, his old gang and the Kids' upcoming feature film, *Brain Candy*, in which Foley was contractually obligated to appear — most likely in a dress.



## DAVE FOLEY GROWS UP TO BE A "NEWSRADIO" STAR

*Were things over with the Kids in the Hall when you signed on for "NewsRadio"?*

We'd done our last show about eight months beforehand. There was some work on our movie project, but for me, I felt very old to be a Kid. I got the call about *NewsRadio* from its executive producer and creator, Paul Simms, under horrible circumstances, because 24 hours earlier I'd agreed to do a different show for CBS, called *Mr. Fuller*, playing a public-school guidance counselor. Then I came down to make the pilot, and they fired me.

*Did you intend to suck so you could do "NewsRadio"?*

I'd like to think I'm that Machiavellian, but they just really didn't like me. The bad part was, after I got fired, an executive from Disney apparently started phoning around — slamming me, saying I was difficult. He said I'd never play anything better than the wacky next-door neighbor. They weren't happy with just *them* not working with me. They didn't want *anyone* to work with me.

*How would you describe the atmosphere on "NewsRadio"?*

Very collaborative, noncompetitive. Actually fun.

*Had you missed being part of a group?*

I was kind of happy not to be a part of my group anymore. But it definitely felt nice to be back to doing an ensemble. Now I'm just working as an actor,

so my days are shorter. I come in, spout a few lines of dialogue and go home.

*Do any Kids fanatics see "NewsRadio" as a sellout?*

So far, the Kids fans seem to be following along nicely, or so I hear from the Internet. It's definitely a more commercial show, but it's hard to compare sketch comedy and situation comedy. In sketch comedy it's easy to be outrageous because it's over in a few minutes. On *NewsRadio*, we have to build something more sustainable.

*Your character and Maura Tierney's started their office affair on the show right away. Was that to establish a heterosexual persona for you after all the gender bending you did with the Kids?*

It was more that Paul Simms didn't want to drag out any will-they-or-won't-they tension. I think people of our generation, if they are attracted and not otherwise involved, do tend to have sex.

*Do you ever miss being in drag?*

No. I've never done it for personal pleasure. But I am one of the prettiest men in North America.

*Do you see a long future for "NewsRadio"?*

Yes. When *The Kids* ended, I thought the last thing I wanted to do was another TV series. Now I can happily see doing

this for five, six years. When I sat down with my wife to figure what I wanted to do with my career, she pointed out that most of the comedy we like is on TV, while we hadn't seen a good comedy film since, like, *Raising Arizona*.

*But the upcoming Kids movie will change that, right?*

Perhaps. It's about a scientist who invents an anti-depressant drug with a rather unfortunate side effect that sweeps the world. Making the movie was a bit stressful. I'd had a falling-out with the rest of them before production. When I

heard the Beatles talking about recording *Let It Be*, it felt a lot like that. It was a little strange and uncomfortable, but it also turned out to be a lot of fun.

*So you guys were the Beatles of comedy?*

I was the first one to get married, and my wife's very smart and strong-willed, so she became our Yoko. Actually, we were the Replacements. Monty Python were the Beatles.

*Has it been odd to see various TV comedy troupes influenced by you guys the way you were influenced by Monty Python?*

It made me feel really old to see, like, *The State* — like we've had our impact, it's time to die now.

*For "NewsRadio," did you do research?*

I had never listened to news radio. We used to have a room of technical-looking equipment, but we got rid of it — no one had any idea what to do with it. We got panicky and twiddled knobs. Our show's set in a news radio station, but it's really about making a TV show and all our own experiences transposed.

*How worried was everyone about moving to Sundays?*

Initially we were quite concerned. We were finally settling in our Tuesday slot and doing well. But NBC really wants to make Sunday night another big night for comedy, with us following *Mad About You*. So in that way it's a compliment.

*Did you consider killing the Single Guy for a slot on Thursday?*

We just feel he would be happier somewhere else.

*What else do you watch?*

I watch *X-Files* like every other good geek. And *Dr. Katz* and *Mr. Show*.

*What do you make of "Friends"?*

It galls me to admit this, but *Friends* is really well written and well acted. But the fact that people that good-looking are intruding in comedy is really a devastating blow to the rest of us. That "I'm kind of homely, but, damn, I'm funny" defense just doesn't pull a lot of weight anymore. ■

## CHANNEL SURFING

**SECOND NOAH** ABC, Mondays, 8 p.m. Personally, I don't remember the first Noah and his wife as quite so horny. Noah and Jessie Beckett — he's a famous coach and author, she's chief veterinarian at Busch Gardens — raise eight ethnically varied adopted kids and a menagerie of assorted beasts. Is this a lusty family-values show, a tortured-teen drama, a wholesome animal special or an utterly bizarre jumble of all of the above? Apart from Stephen Stills' nice theme song, I get a sinking feeling.

**THE LOUIE SHOW** CBS, Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m. What'll they think of next? A sitcom in which a stand-up comedian plays a character with his own first name but a different last name. Louie Anderson plays a Midwestern therapist surrounded by a gang of wacky friends and a pretty but — get this — flaky babe roommate from Los Angeles. This neo-*Newhart* offering is competently done, but *The Louie Show* seems unlikely to make Anderson an even bigger star.



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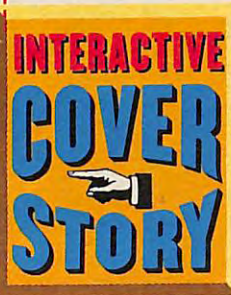
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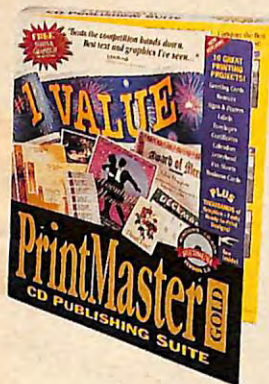
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# TECHNOLOGY

BY STEPHEN A. BOOTH



## ◀ MINDSCAPE PRINTMASTER GOLD PUBLISHING SUITE, \$50

This computer software package isn't a photography program per se, like Adobe's PhotoDeluxe or Digital Light and Color's Picture Window. It's a loaded graphics package for creating stationery, greeting cards, posters, banners, et al. But it does let you use photos in your PC creations (from an image scanner or Photo CD), and when you print your work, the snapshot portions won't have that coarse, pixilated "screen door" look often seen in photo-to-PC printouts. That's because PrintMaster Gold applies some advanced rendering software to maintain smooth print texture and details.



▲ **EPSON PHOTOPC DIGITAL CAMERA, \$599** "Flash" doesn't refer to supplemental illumination in digital still cameras. It's jargon for the solid-state memory that replaces traditional chemical film and records pictures in pixels. The latest digital snapshotters are more versatile than earlier entries, whose internal memories had to be downloaded to a PC to make room for more shots. With the new models, you can supplement the built-in storage with external flash-memory cards. Epson's PhotoPC has 1MB of on-board memory, good for 16 photos in high-resolution mode (640 pixels by 480 pixels) or 32 in standard resolution (320 by 240). Optional memory cards (2MB or 4MB) boost capacity to 80 or 160 images. The camera comes with cables and software to let you view, store or edit images on a computer. Re illumination: This autofocus camera has the same light sensitivity as ISO-130-speed daylight film, so a built-in flash lamp compensates in dim surroundings.

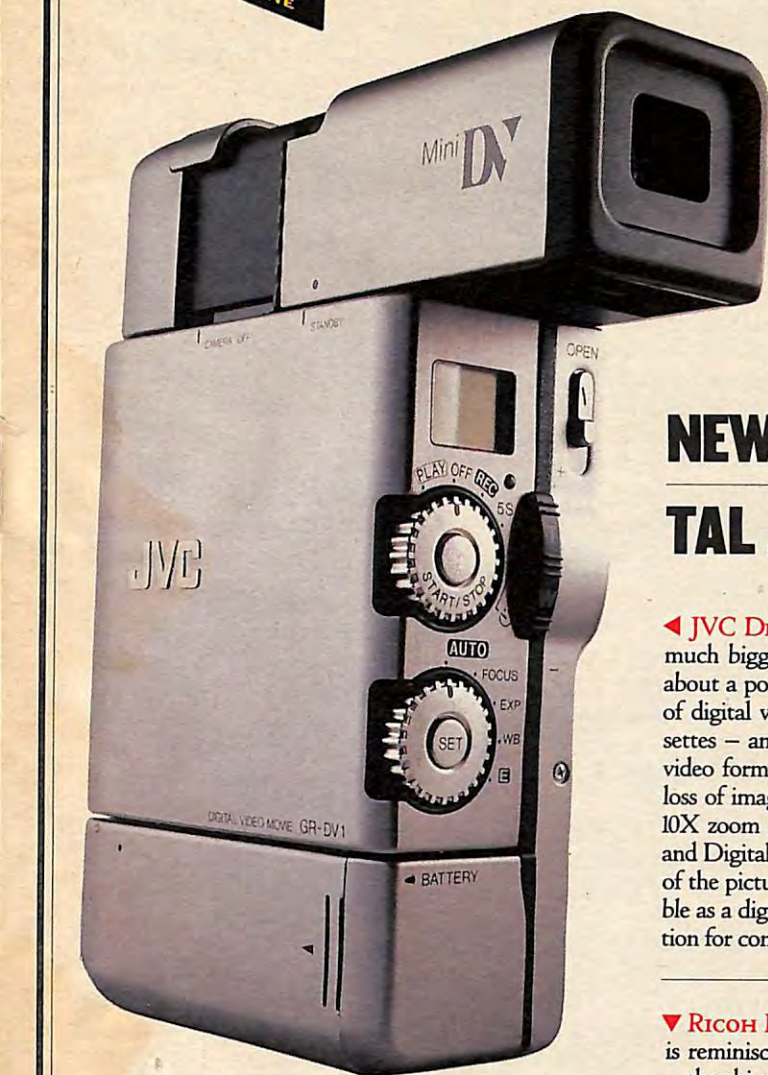
## NEW FILM OR NO FILM? CAMERAS IN THE DIGITAL AGE REQUIRE YOU TO CHOOSE A FORMAT

◀ **JVC DIGITAL CAMCORDER GR-DV1, \$2,999** It's not much bigger than a portable tape recorder and weighs about a pound. Yet the GR-DV1 shoots up to one hour of digital video with CD sound on matchbook-size cassettes – and has a 10X zoom lens, too. The new digital video format exceeds laserdisc resolution and suffers no loss of image quality under extreme magnifications. The 10X zoom lens can be electronically boosted to 100X – and Digital Image Stabilization keeps operator-shake out of the picture. Among its tricks, this camcorder can double as a digital still camera and comes with a docking station for connection to a TV, VCR or even a color printer.

▼ **RICOH RDC-1 DIGITAL CAMERA, \$1,700** Its shape is reminiscent of those low-tech disk-film cameras, but the shirt-pocket-size RDC-1 may be the most sophisticated digital camera around. Fact is, this unique device is really a multimedia recorder that uses flash memory to store still photos, full-motion video and digital audio in varying combinations. Its flash-memory cards come in 2-, 8- or 24MB sizes. Using the latter, the RDC-1 can record up to 492 stills, 100 minutes of digital monaural audio or four five-second video clips with full motion and sound. You can mix modes, too. For example, snapshots (as many as 268) may be accompanied by up to 10 seconds of narration. Photowise, the RDC-1 has an autofocus 3X zoom lens and built-in flash. It comes with an adapter for hookup to a television. Options include a connector for PCs and, for instant gratification, a snap-on 2.5-inch color LCD monitor.

## ▼ YASHICA T4 SUPER WEATHERPROOF, \$200

Despite digital imaging and the new Advanced Photo System film cameras soon to come, conventional 35mm photography is far from dead. Snapshotters keep getting smaller, sharper and more versatile. The T4 Super Weatherproof is about the size of two stacked audiocassettes and just seven ounces avoirdupois. Its semi-wide-angle (35mm) autofocus lens claims the high-resolution heritage of the Carl Zeiss family of Tessar optics. The T4 won't go diving, but its moisture-proof seal means it's not afraid of stormy weather. Cooler still: A top-mounted viewfinder complements the usual eye-level peephole, giving you additional ways to compose creatively.





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# ANISTON

[Cont. from 38] Andrew Wyeth. And although she's not very tall, she has the haughty, long-legged grace of a would-be Miss America.

"I'm a cautious skier," Aniston says. "And then when I feel good, I get a little crazy." And that's like her in life, too, she adds. "Very cautious to a point, and then I let it go — like dieting. If you're too strict with yourself, you sort of go off, go crazy, eat a pizza, whatever."

In many ways the trip to Aspen is Aniston's celebrity coming-out — her first vacation as a bona fide pop-culture star. She feels fame is an experience few people can understand; this explains the unique connection that has formed between Aniston and the cast of *Friends*.

"There's nothing like the group of us on the show," says Kudrow. "There is a bond between us, maybe like between people who have been in war. We've been through so much together that no one else can understand." She pauses. "I mean war in a good way."

In Aspen, as Aniston skis into lift lines, she is followed by whispers and smiles. Although new to celebrity, she already displays the self-satisfied grouchiness of a *paparazzi*-punching veteran. "There's people with fucking cameras at the bottom of the hill or when you walk out of a restaurant," she says. "Unbelievable. The other day I was Christmas shopping, and at the end of a long, hard day, I stopped at a coffee-bean place to get a frappé."

"So I get my drink," she says, "and I'm ready to run into my car, and I stop, and I said, 'OK, look, just fucking talk to them.' So I slowly walked around the car, and they, of course, shied away, and I said, 'What are you doing?'"

"He said, 'It's my job.'"

"I said, 'What do you mean it's your job?'" Aniston continues. "I understand it's your job, but you have no idea how invasive this is in my life. It actually makes me not want to do what I do. I mean, we go to work, we love what we do, and we do it for you, and we do it for people to enjoy. But if these are the repercussions — on my day off to see you with a camera in my face? I know it's your job, but you really need to think about how it's affecting people, 'cause it's just so disheartening.'"

Late in the day, Aniston and her friends ski over a rise, the streets of Aspen arranging themselves below: brick facades, snow drifts and smoke rising from chimneys. Everywhere you look in town — lift lines and slopes, hot tubs and saunas, barrooms and restaurants — you see the haircut Aniston has made famous. And as the star makes her way down the mountain, as she steps out of her skis and walks through the skiers

crowding the plaza at the base of the hill, you want to dance up to the look-alikes and ask how it makes them feel seeing the real Jennifer, if her presence somehow threatens their own Jenniferness.

As Aniston continues through the crowd, hobbling along in ski boots, she's followed by an eddy of excitement, a wave of interest. Friends nudge friends; children halt parents; couples stop arguing. For a long moment, all these people in fuchsia jackets and fleece hats seem to stand at attention — America's First Hairdo is going by.

After the last skiers have made their way down the hill, Aniston and her friends retire to their house for drinks. Some of the friends are married and have brought their kids. One little boy has a pet ferret, which he waves around. "Get that fucking rat away from me," someone says.

"It's not a rat," says the kid. "It's in the skunk family."

Emerging from her bedroom, Aniston has changed into something more comfortable. She wears a tight white shirt, her nipples sticking out like peaks on a relief map. Just above her chest is a winking Mickey Mouse — a sort of cartoon tease. She wears tight gray sweats that ride low on her hips, offering a glimpse of a high black waistband, below which her hips are bare. What is it? A thong bikini? A G-string?

Aniston pours herself a glass of wine, leads me back to the bedroom, sits on the edge of her bed and starts talking. She tells me about people and how they don't really know how to deal with celebrities. "They're untouchable," she says, sipping her wine. "They're onscreen, in print, on billboards, and it's just a fantasy — not real. It's created — I mean, even this interview, it's all media hype. For a while, I was in the tabloids all the time, dating this person or that. If my romantic life was as exciting as they were saying, I would have been happy."

Aniston pauses to reach for a cigarette. From the living room you can hear the sound of clinking glasses. She strikes a match, the flame lighting her face. "You know what I got my brother for Christmas?" she asks, exhaling. "A Bronco. He just cried. He was just like 'No way, no way, no way!' And he held me and wouldn't let go, and I felt his body trembling. For the first time, I saw this boy, this man, just lose it."

At one point, something strikes me about our conversation. It seems as if it has already happened, as if it were following a fixed course. Maybe Aniston has already learned that celebrity trick of making all questions the same question, all interviewers the same interviewer, of slipping into that place where answers are handed over like disarmed bombs, pieces of nostalgia designed to do the least possible damage.

"I have this sensation that this conversation has happened before," I tell



Aniston. "I'm asking the questions, and you're giving the answers, but it could be any writer and any actress."

"That's what's so fascinating," Aniston says, stubbing out her cigarette. "It's hallucinogenic almost — you're going to hypnotize people with images, with celebrity status, with the fascination people have with celebrities."

She stands up, downs the last of her wine and walks to the window. The mountains are fading into the darkness, like a light on a dimmer. Aniston is looking at the mountains but is maybe afraid of seeing something farther off — maybe a glimpse of her own form coming down the hill, at last proving that her suspicion is right, that somewhere out there, among the bean shops and beaneries, is the person she once feared herself to be — the girl with nothing to say.

A MONTH HAS PASSED. ANISTON has returned to her old life: California sunsets, traffic, pre-show jitters. Ski parkas have given way to half-shirts; the midriff is again the order of the day. The streets around the Warner Bros. soundstage where *Friends* is filmed dribble off into alleys. A turn brings you from the center of Paris to small-town America. Inside, a hall has been made to resemble a New York street, complete with a curb and a taxi; approaching the stage, you have the not unpleasant sensation of entering a theme restaurant that you called ahead to reserve a table in the cab.

On the set in the fake Manhattan living room made famous on *Friends*, Aniston, David Schwimmer and Courteney Cox are walking through a scene that involves a little dialogue and a lot of rolling around. Reading from scripts, the actors move tentatively through the room, as if learning the steps of a new dance. After a while, a director steps forward and shouts, "Second team!" The actors are then replaced by stand-ins, middle-aged people who walk silently through the scene so that the director can decide where to place the cameras.

On the other side of the living-room wall, on the set of Central Perk, NBC's Matt Lauer is interviewing cast members for future episodes of the *Today* show. Aniston wanders over, joining colleagues waiting their turn with Lauer.

When not rehearsing, the cast members are all over one another. Aniston runs her fingers through Matt LeBlanc's hair as Matthew Perry hugs her from behind; then she sits on Perry's lap as LeBlanc rubs her shoulders; then hugged from both sides, she's sandwiched between Perry and LeBlanc. "If you worked on a show with girls like this," a crew member says, "wouldn't you do lots of touching, too?"

"Hey," I ask Aniston, "what's with all the touching?"

"What can I say?" Aniston says. "We just love each other."

"In another profession," I say, "you might all be brought up on charges."

"Well," she says, joking, "it's almost come to that with Matthew Perry."

As Aniston waits to be interviewed, the set is a flurry of activity. All around, people move like water. The show's hairdresser is in from Manhattan, so everyone, even gofers and production assistants, looks fantastic. People approach Aniston with questions. She answers wonderfully, as if more interested in their needs than her own. On such occasions the interest a star shows in an assistant seems less a human kindness than a more sophisticated type of acting, a convincing demonstration of humility, a gift of attention. "I just love it here," says Aniston, looking around. "This is something better than work."

A few minutes later, when Aniston takes her turn with Lauer, he asks right away about the famous 'do. She frowns and says, "Why are you asking me about my hair?"

Dealing with all these things — rehearsal, P.A.'s, Lauer — Aniston seems cool and relaxed, more on vacation at work than she was in Aspen. Up there she seemed strained, as if working for fun. Down here she seems almost exalted, as if being on TV were really the most fun of all. And that's why it's so hard to judge her acting ability. On *Friends*, a lot of what you're seeing is not an actor's concoction, a collection of motivations and techniques, but Aniston on vacation before the camera.

On the other side of the wall, the stand-ins are still running through the scene, miming the actions of Aniston, Cox and Schwimmer. From the empty studio-audience bleachers, where I am sitting, I can see both sets at once, like a diorama in a museum, a cross section of some strange world. The doubles resemble the actors in only the most rudimentary ways: sex, height, weight, hair color. One of the women has reddish-brown hair; her face is tired and sad, her features fallen. Around her neck hangs a sign that reads JENNIFER.

Aniston, meanwhile, has finished up with Lauer. "What's this?" she asks, finding Perry's hand on her shoulder. She smiles, puts his hand back on her shoulder and strokes his knee. He bugs out his eyes and laughs.

Then she stands up and walks off and looks terrific going away. ■

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**YOUNG & HUNGRY** 18+ 1-800-578-7467

**LIVE TALK OR EXPLICIT FANTASY**  
1-900-745-0333 or 1-800-959-1661  
**HOT MEN:** 1-800-697-7825 \$2.49/min/18+

**LIVE KINKY WOMEN**  
1-800-993-KINK  
1-800-993-5465/Adults/\$4.99/min

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Int'l LD Toll Applies 18+

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**BARELY LEGAL** 011-592-597-904  
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**QUICK & DIRTY** 011-239-129-2582  
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**DIRTY Delights** \$2.99/min 1-800-207-2385  
**KINKY Young Girls** 18+ 1-900-435-1109  
**HARDCORE Domination** 1-900-993-WHIP

**HOT LIVE PHONE TALK \$ .99/min**  
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**Intimate Connections** 1 on 1, 1-800-810-LICK  
**B & D, TVTS, LESBIAN** 1-800-638-8487  
**MAN 2 MAN** \$1.99/mn 18+ 1-800-209-HUNK

**Kinky Fun** 011-592-579-562 Just "21" 001-592-579-551  
**2 Lesbos** 011-592-579-557 Hot Orgy 011-592-579-560

**SIZZLING HOT LIVE PHONE TALK**  
1-800-238-LIVE (5483)

Over 21 \$1.69 per minute

## GAY GAY GAY GAY

1-809-563-9025 LIVE 1 on 1!  
**HOT STEAMY CONVERSATION**  
Int'l LD Applies, 18+

**HOT GAY GUYS FREE CALL!**  
18+ CALL NOW! 1-800-204-2004

**TALK TO HOT BRITISH BABES**  
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**THE NEW HOT GAY LINE IS OPEN!**  
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**FREE \* GAY PARTYLINE**  
1-520-335-3105 \* LD to AZ only

**GIRLS - HOUSEWIVES - GAYS - COUPLES**  
Names, Phone Numbers, Addresses 18+  
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**Lonely Housewives Need Relief!!!**  
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1-800-77-HORNY(46769) 1-900-448-8000

**LOOSE LIPS LIVE 1-ON-1**  
\$2/min Over 18 only 1-800-201-6637 cc/checks

**Hot, exciting and kinky live girls!!!**  
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**TV Tricks** 011-245-292-868 Coeds 011-239-129-1039  
**Quickie!** 011-592-573-489 Bi & Bad 011-245-292-870

**LIVE ONE-ON-ONE. WILD women want to**  
talk to you now! Major credit cards. \$2 per min. 5  
min. minimum. Over 18 only! 1-800-822-GIRL

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**HOT ENGLISH PLAYMATES**  
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**Sexy Talk** 011-59-224-6666 Hot Dates 011-59-224-8001  
**Nasty Line** 011-59-224-8004 Eavesdrop 011-59-224-8269

**ADULTS ONLY!! (Very Explicit)**  
**HOT GAY ACTION:** 1-809-490-8044  
**LESBO ACTION:** 011-592-597-879  
**LOCAL SWINGERS:** 1-800-757-2428 (CHAT)  
**UNFULFILLED GAY MEN:** 011-592-599-448  
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**DICKS ALL GIRL REVIEW (LIVE)**  
1-800-201-6640 credit cards & cks \$2/min 18+

**Live & Luscious, Private** 011-972-565-565-65  
**Treatment for Bad Boys** 011-792-56-55-68-48  
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**MEN!** Real names & #s. LIVE 1 ON 1  
18+ 800-915-3866 or 900-435-4260 \$2.50+

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## MAN SCAN!

**HOT NEW GAY ACTION!**

Meet The Best, Screen The Best  
18+ 1-809-490-8006 Int'l LD as low as 50¢/min.

**FOR A GOOD TIME CALL MONA**  
live! 1-800-856-9323 \$2/min v/mc/checks 18+

**EAVESDROP LINE.** Listen in on uncensored  
LIVE phone fantasy calls 212-691-2444  
99¢/min. No minimum. Over 21.

**EAVESDROP ON LIVE EXPLICIT TALK!**  
011-592-590-720 or Get It All LIVE! 212-986-9856/7  
TV/TS Hotline!! 1-900-468-5578 or 212-986-1777/8 18+

## OUTRAGEOUS LIVE PARTY!

**TALK OR LISTEN**  
18+ PV inc. 1-809-474-5065 only pay int'l ld

**UNCENSORED, WILD, HOT**  
**GROUP ACTION** 011-592-595-456  
**KINKY HOTLINE** 011-592-595-457  
Int'l LD As low as 69¢/min., 18+

## GAY BOYS!

**CALL NOW! FOR EXOTIC 1 ON 1** 18+  
011-592-1901 Int'l LD Rates Apply

**BOTTOMS UP!** 011-592-591-516  
**PERVERTED PLEASURES** 011-592-597-425  
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**EXPLICIT HARDCORE TALK!!!**  
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011-239-129-1040, ADULT FILTH! 011-239-129-7477

**Hear Naughty Girls Getting SPANKED**  
1-900-258-8808  
**Hear S.U.E. SPANKING Naughty Boys**  
1-900-258-8809  
\$2.95/min. 18+ S.U.E., Phila,

**FREE ADULT VIDEO With EVERY Sizzling**  
**Hot Adult Phone Call!** 1-800-651-FREE  
\$2.98/Min. 21+

**KINKY & UNCENSORED TALK!!!**  
The Cheapest and the Best! \$1.98 per min. 18+  
1-800-230-WILD (9453) 1-900-255-0000

**GIRLS - GUYS - GAYS - SWINGERS**  
Names and Phone numbers. 18+  
1-900-321-MEET (6338) \$2.99/min 1-305-977-3456

## LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE

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1-809-563-9013  
No taboos! 18+ Int'l LD Charges Apply

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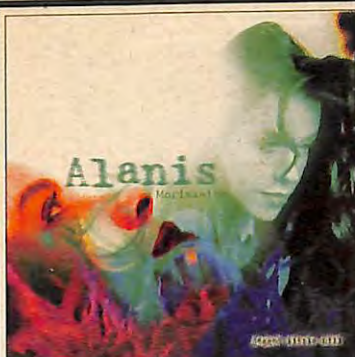
1-809-474-4851  
18+ only! pc inc. pay low int'l only

**JOIN US IN BOYS TOWN!!**  
**WHERE ALL THE GAY ACTION IS**  
18+ 011-592-599-837  
**LET IT ALL HANG OUT!** Int'l Rates Apply

**PLAYGROUND - Chat Line, 1-ON-1, Tales**  
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from \$2.49 - \$4.99/min. Must be 18+

**INNOCENT GIRLS**  
Need Men To Practice Their Nasty Habits On!  
**Call!! 1-800-657-CHAT (2428)**  
18+ Int'l Toll Charges Apply





## ROLLINGSTONE READERSTOP20

- 1 **ALANIS MORISSETTE**  
*Jagged Little Pill* – Maverick/Reprise/Warner Bros.
- 2 **ALICE IN CHAINS**  
*Alice in Chains* – Columbia
- 3 **HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH**  
*Cracked Rear View* – Atlantic
- 4 **SMASHING PUMPKINS**  
*Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* – Virgin
- 5 **BLUES TRAVELER**  
*Four* – A&M
- 6 **BUSH**  
*Sixteen Stone* – Trauma/Interscope
- 7 **TOADIES**  
*Rubbe-neck* – Interscope
- 8 **EVERCLEAR**  
*Sparkle and Fade* – Tim Kerr/Capitol
- 9 **THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**  
*The Presidents of the United States of America* – Columbia
- 10 **DEAD MAN WALKING**  
*Soundtrack* – Columbia
- 11 **FOO FIGHTERS**  
*Foo Fighters* – Roswell/Capitol
- 12 **GREEN DAY**  
*Insomniac* – Reprise
- 13 **OASIS**  
*(What's the Story) Morning Glory?* – Epic
- 14 **THE BEATLES**  
*Anthology 1* – Apple/Capitol
- 15 **BJÖRK**  
*Debut* – Elektra
- 16 **JIMI HENDRIX**  
*The Ultimate Experience* – MCA
- 17 **JOAN OSBORNE**  
*Relish* – Blue Gorilla/Mercury
- 18 **PEARL JAM**  
*Ten* – Epic
- 19 **RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS**  
*One Hot Minute* – Warner Bros.
- 20 **SILVERCHAIR**  
*Frogstomp* – Epic

THIS CHART IS BASED ON A SURVEY OF RS SUBSCRIBERS CONDUCTED BY PUBLISHERS VOICE INC. ON JAN. 26, 1996.

# CHARTS

## U.S. SINGLES

- 1 **MARIAH CAREY AND BOYZ II MEN**  
*"One Sweet Day"* – Columbia
- 2 **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL**  
*"Missing"* – Atlantic
- 3 **WHITNEY HOUSTON**  
*"Exhale (Shoop Shoop)"* – Arista
- 4 **JOAN OSBORNE**  
*"One of Us"* – Blue Gorilla/Mercury
- 5 **GOO GOO DOLLS**  
*"Name"* – Metal Blade/Warner Bros.
- 6 **HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH**  
*"Time"* – Atlantic
- 7 **MADONNA**  
*"You'll See"* – Maverick/Warner Bros.
- 8 **NATALIE MERCHANT**  
*"Wonder"* – Elektra
- 9 **THE TONY RICH PROJECT**  
*"Nobody Knows"* – LaFace/Arista
- 10 **TLC**  
*"Diggin' on You"* – LaFace/Arista

Courtesy of GAVIN

## RAP SINGLES

- 1 **KRIS KROSS**  
*"Tonite's Tha Night"* – Ruffhouse/Columbia
- 2 **THE FUGEES**  
*"Fu-Gee-La"* – Ruffhouse/Columbia
- 3 **LL COOL J**  
*"Hey Lover"* – Def Jam/RAI/Island
- 4 **GOODIE MOB**  
*"Cell Therapy"* – LaFace/Arista
- 5 **BLAHZAY BLAHZAY**  
*"Danger"* – Fader/Mercury
- 6 **THA DOGG POUND**  
*FEATURING MICHEL'LE*  
*"Let's Play House"* – Death Row/Interscope/Priority
- 7 **COOLIO FEATURING L.V.**  
*"Gangsta's Paradise"* – MCA Soundtracks/MCA
- 8 **EAZY-E**  
*"Just Tab Let U Know"* – Ruthless/Relativity
- 9 **HELTAH SKELTAH AND O.G.C. A K A THE FAB 5**  
*"Blah/Leflah"* – Duck Down/Priority
- 10 **COOLIO**  
*"Too Hot"* – Tommy Boy

Courtesy of BILLBOARD

## Oasis: He ain't heavy, he's my brother.



Illustration by ROSS MACDONALD

## AUSTRIASINGLES

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 <b>CHER</b><br/><i>"Walking in Memphis"</i> – Warner</li> <li>2 <b>DOUBLE VISION</b><br/><i>"Alright"</i> – Echo-ZYX</li> <li>3 <b>IMPERIO</b><br/><i>"Amor Infinitus"</i> – Echo-ZYX</li> <li>4 <b>COOLIO FEATURING L.V.</b><br/><i>"Gangsta's Paradise"</i> – MCA</li> <li>5 <b>DOLLS UNITED</b><br/><i>"Eine Insel mit Zwei Bergen"</i> – Warner</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6 <b>MICHAEL JACKSON</b><br/><i>"Earth Song"</i> – Sony</li> <li>7 <b>CABALLERO</b><br/><i>"Nanaya"</i> – Echo-ZYX</li> <li>8 <b>TINA TURNER</b><br/><i>"Goldeneye"</i> – EMI</li> <li>9 <b>DOUBLE VISION</b><br/><i>"Knockin' "</i> – Echo-ZYX</li> <li>10 <b>LA BOUCHE</b><br/><i>"I Love to Love"</i> – BMG</li> </ol> |
|---|--|

Courtesy of BILLBOARD

## BILLBOARD'S TOP 20 ALBUMS

The first numeral indicates chart position the week ending Feb. 3, 1996; the second, chart position one week earlier; the third, number of weeks in the Billboard Top 200.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1-1 <b>WAITING TO EXHALE</b><br/><i>Soundtrack</i> – Arista<sup>†4</sup></li> <li>2-2 <b>MARIAH CAREY</b><br/><i>Daydream</i> – Columbia<sup>†6</sup></li> <li>3-3 <b>ALANIS MORISSETTE</b><br/><i>Jagged Little Pill</i> – Maverick/Reprise/Warner Bros.<sup>†5</sup></li> <li>4-5 <b>BUSH</b><br/><i>Sixteen Stone</i> – Trauma/Interscope<sup>†3</sup></li> <li>5-9 <b>OASIS</b><br/><i>(What's the Story) Morning Glory?</i> – Epic<sup>†</sup></li> <li>6-4 <b>HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH</b><br/><i>Cracked Rear View</i> – Atlantic<sup>†12</sup></li> <li>7-6 <b>SHANIA TWAIN</b><br/><i>The Woman in Me</i> – Mercury Nashville<sup>†4</sup></li> <li>8-8 <b>SMASHING PUMPKINS</b><br/><i>Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness</i> – Virgin</li> <li>9-7 <b>ALAN JACKSON</b><br/><i>The Greatest Hits Collection</i> – Arista<sup>†2</sup></li> <li>10-10 <b>R. KELLY</b><br/><i>R. Kelly – Jive</i><sup>†2</sup></li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>11-13 <b>ENYA</b><br/><i>The Memory of Trees</i> – Reprise/Warner Bros.</li> <li>12-12 <b>TLC</b><br/><i>CrazySexyCool</i> – LaFace/Arista<sup>†8</sup></li> <li>13-16 <b>JOAN OSBORNE</b><br/><i>Relish</i> – Blue Gorilla/Mercury<sup>†</sup></li> <li>14-14 <b>MADONNA</b><br/><i>Something to Remember</i> – Maverick/Warner Bros.<sup>†</sup></li> <li>15-11 <b>GARTH BROOKS</b><br/><i>Fresh Horses</i> – Capitol Nashville</li> <li>16-20 <b>THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA</b><br/><i>The Presidents of the United States of America</i> – Columbia<sup>†</sup></li> <li>17-17 <b>NATALIE MERCHANT</b><br/><i>Tigerlily</i> – Elektra<sup>†</sup></li> <li>18-15 <b>KRIS KROSS</b><br/><i>Young, Rich and Dangerous</i> – Ruffhouse/Columbia</li> <li>19-19 <b>BLUES TRAVELER</b><br/><i>Four</i> – A&amp;M<sup>†3</sup></li> <li>20-18 <b>DON'T BE A MENACE TO 2 SOUTH CENTRAL</b><br/><i>Soundtrack</i> – Island</li> </ol> |
|---|--|

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## 1993 SINGLES

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 <b>STEVE LAWRENCE</b><br/><i>"Go Away Little Girl"</i> – Columbia</li> <li>2 <b>THE TORNADOES</b><br/><i>"Telstar"</i> – London</li> <li>3 <b>BROOK BENTON</b><br/><i>"Hotel Happiness"</i> – Mercury</li> <li>4 <b>THE EXCITERS</b><br/><i>"Tell Him"</i> – United Artists</li> <li>5 <b>BOBBY VEE</b><br/><i>"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"</i> – Liberty</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6 <b>CHUBBY CHECKER</b><br/><i>"Limbo Rock"</i> – Parkway</li> <li>7 <b>MARY WELLS</b><br/><i>"Two Lovers"</i> – Motown</li> <li>8 <b>PAUL PETERSEN</b><br/><i>"My Dad"</i> – Colpix</li> <li>9 <b>LOU MONTE</b><br/><i>"Pepino the Italian Mouse"</i> – Reprise</li> <li>10 <b>PAUL AND PAULA</b><br/><i>"Hey Paula"</i> – Philips</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

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## ALTERNATIVE SINGLES

- 1 **DEMOLITION DOLL RODS**  
*"Spoiled Kitty"* – In the Red
- 2 **GO-NUTS**  
*"The Donut Prince and the Pauper"* – Planet Pimp
- 3 **THE PEBBLES**  
*"I'm Sitting by the Window"* – Planet Pimp
- 4 **FRIENDS OF DEAN MARTINEZ**  
*"Cordova"* – Sub Pop
- 5 **THE SPINANES**  
*"Madding"* – Sub Pop
- 6 **BIKINI KILL**  
*"I Like Fucking"* – Kill Rock Stars
- 7 **CUB**  
*"Volcano"* – Mint



- 8 **LADIES WHO LUNCH**  
*"Kiss We Love"* – Grand Royal
- 9 **SHADES OF NIGHT**  
*"Fluctuation"* – Norton
- 10 **BLACK FORK**  
*"Quality Job One"* – Vinyl Communications

THIS ISSUE'S ALTERNATIVE CHART IS BASED ON SALES AT AMOEBAS MUSIC, IN BERKELEY, CALIF.



# Rolling Stone

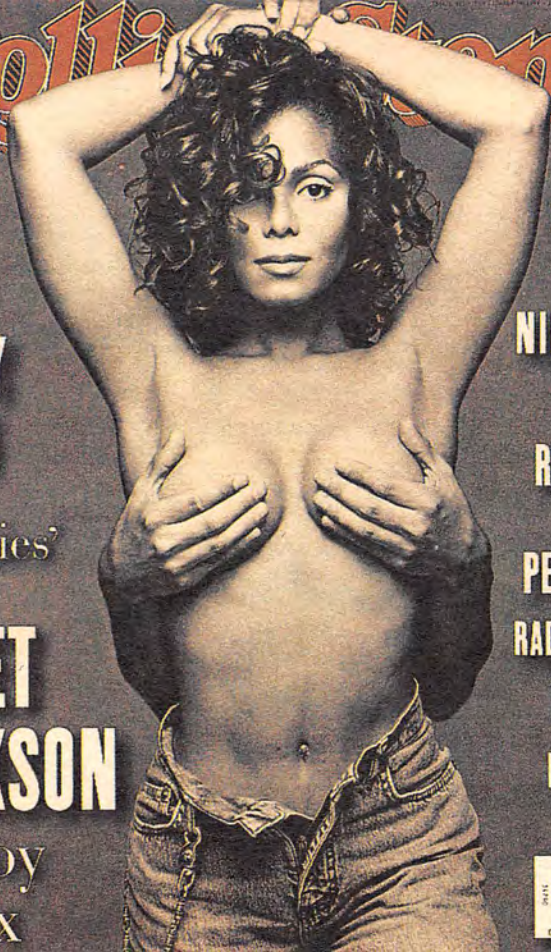
THE  
ROLLING  
STONE  
INTERVIEW

WOODY  
ALLEN

no  
apologies?

JANET  
JACKSON

the joy  
of sex



STONE  
TEMPLE  
PILOTS

NIRVANA

SNOW

RED HOT  
CHILI  
PEPPERS

RADIOHEAD

BJÖRK

BUFFALO  
TOM



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4CBH1

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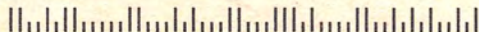
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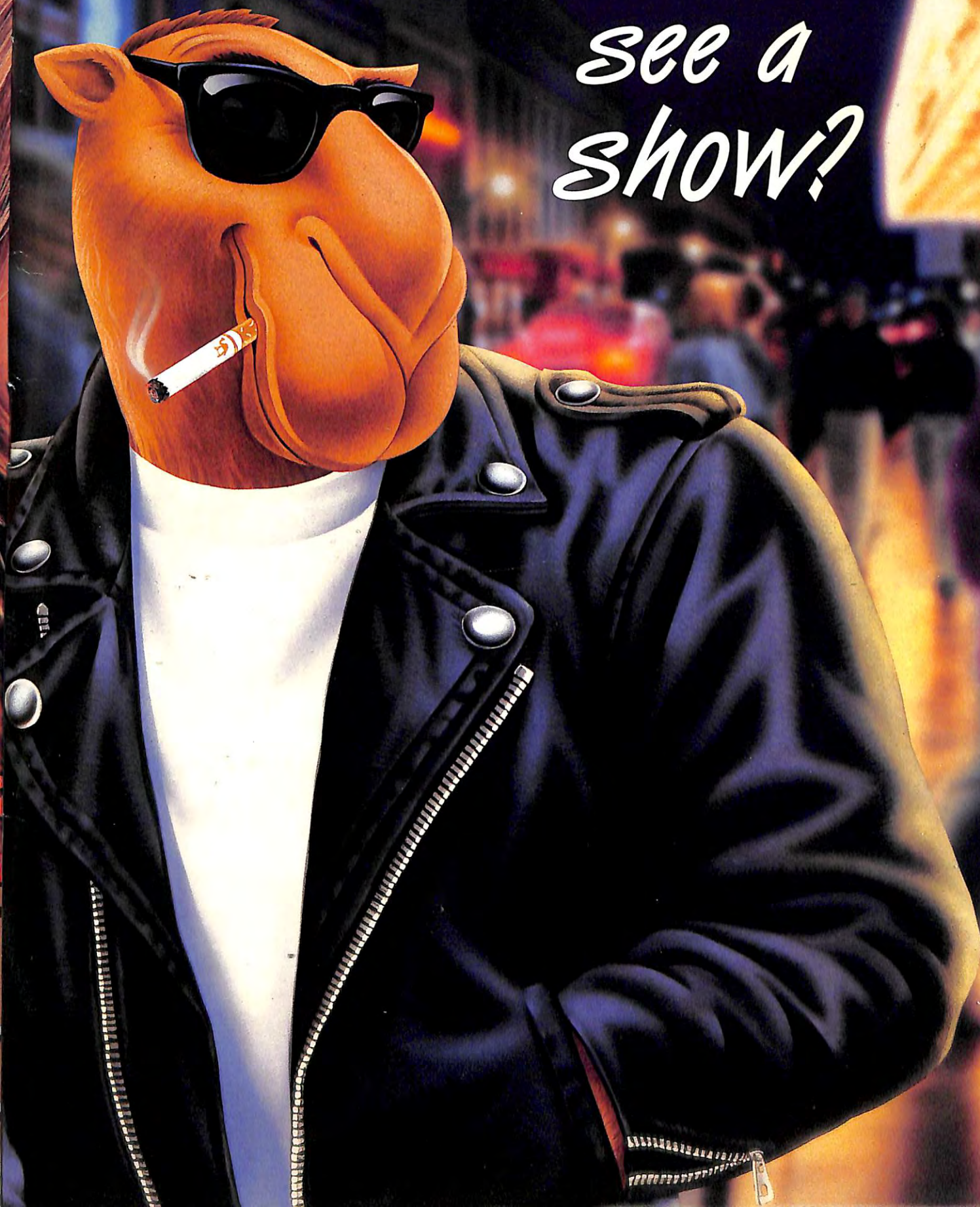
**Rolling Stone**

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BOULDER CO 80321-1935





*Wanna  
see a  
show?*





# Go ahead, it's on me.

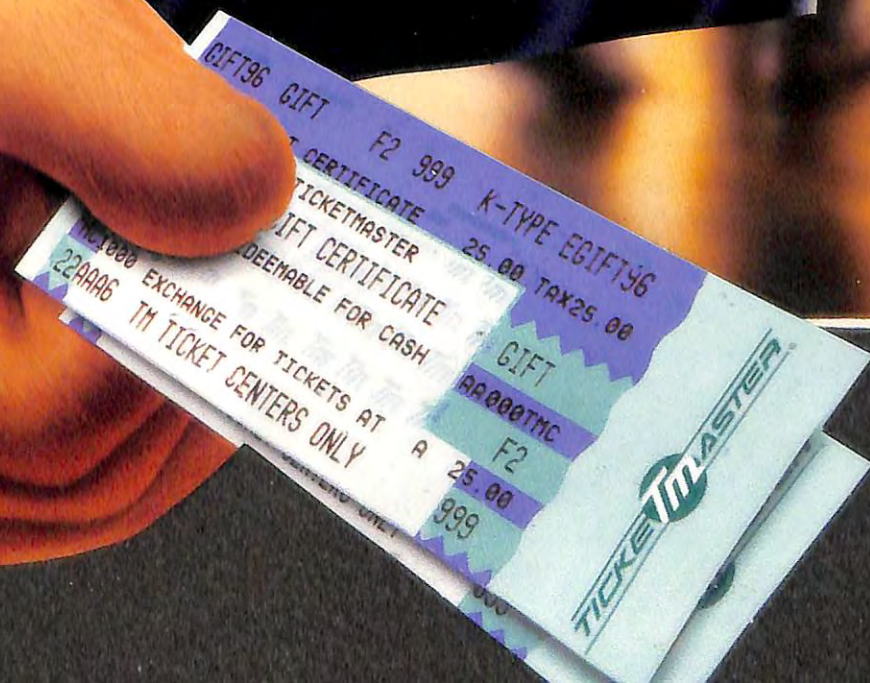
Save \$25  
on Ticketmaster® tickets  
with Camel Cash.

I'm not just talkin' concerts. With these  
\$25 gift certificates, you could save on tickets  
to just about any Ticketmaster® event.  
And it only takes 100 Camel Cash C-Notes  
to get one. Where is this rockin' deal?  
Just flip the page, and you'll find it in the  
Camel Cash Rockin' Road Trip.



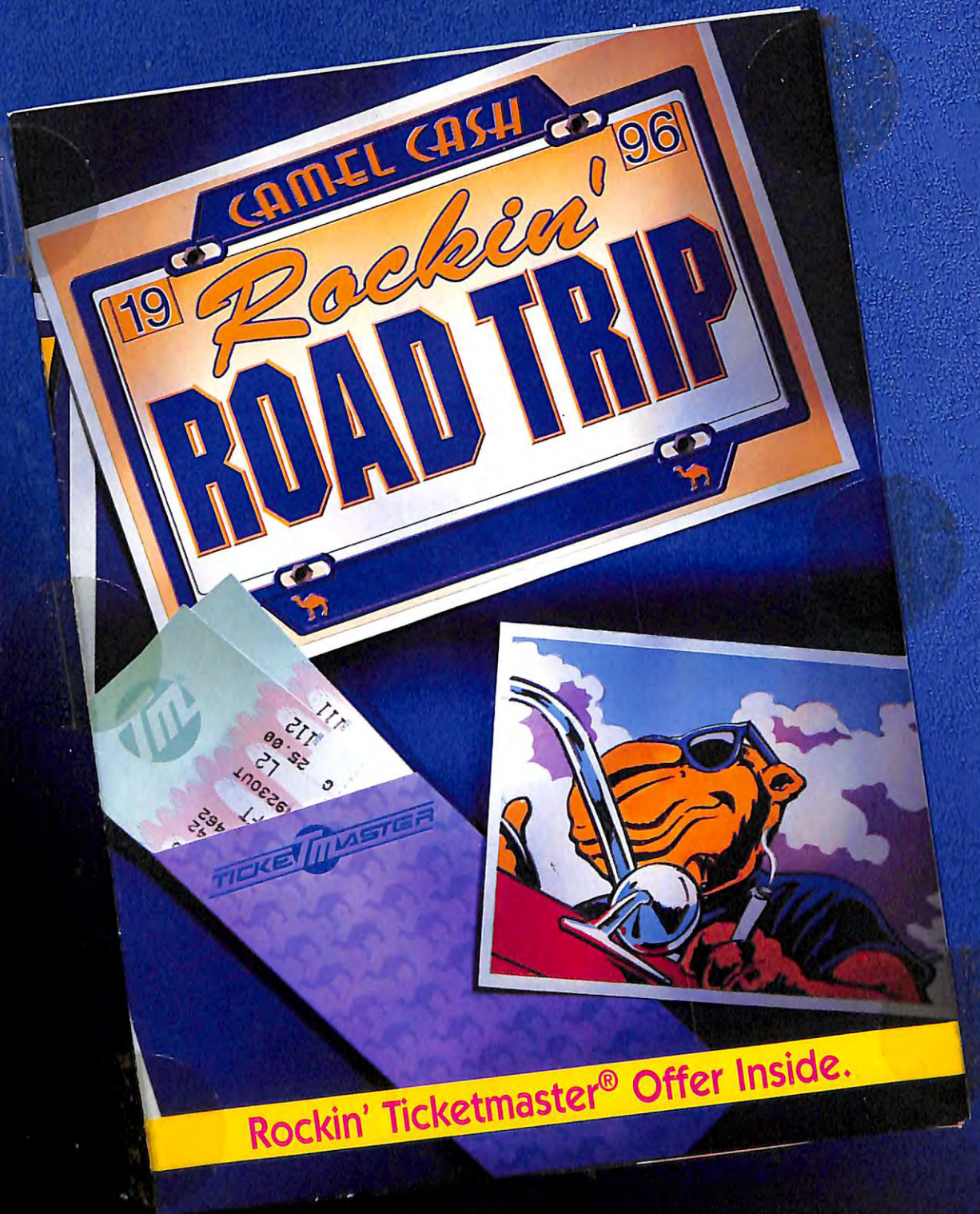
GIFT CERTIFICATES ARE NONREFUNDABLE, NONTRANSFERABLE AND NOT REDEEMABLE FOR CASH.  
**OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.**  
TICKETS TO ANY EVENT SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY. SEE CAMEL CASH ROCKIN' ROAD TRIP FOR DETAILS.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.





*Take a Rockin' Road Trip.*



**Rockin' Ticketmaster® Offer Inside.**

**OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS  
21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.**

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

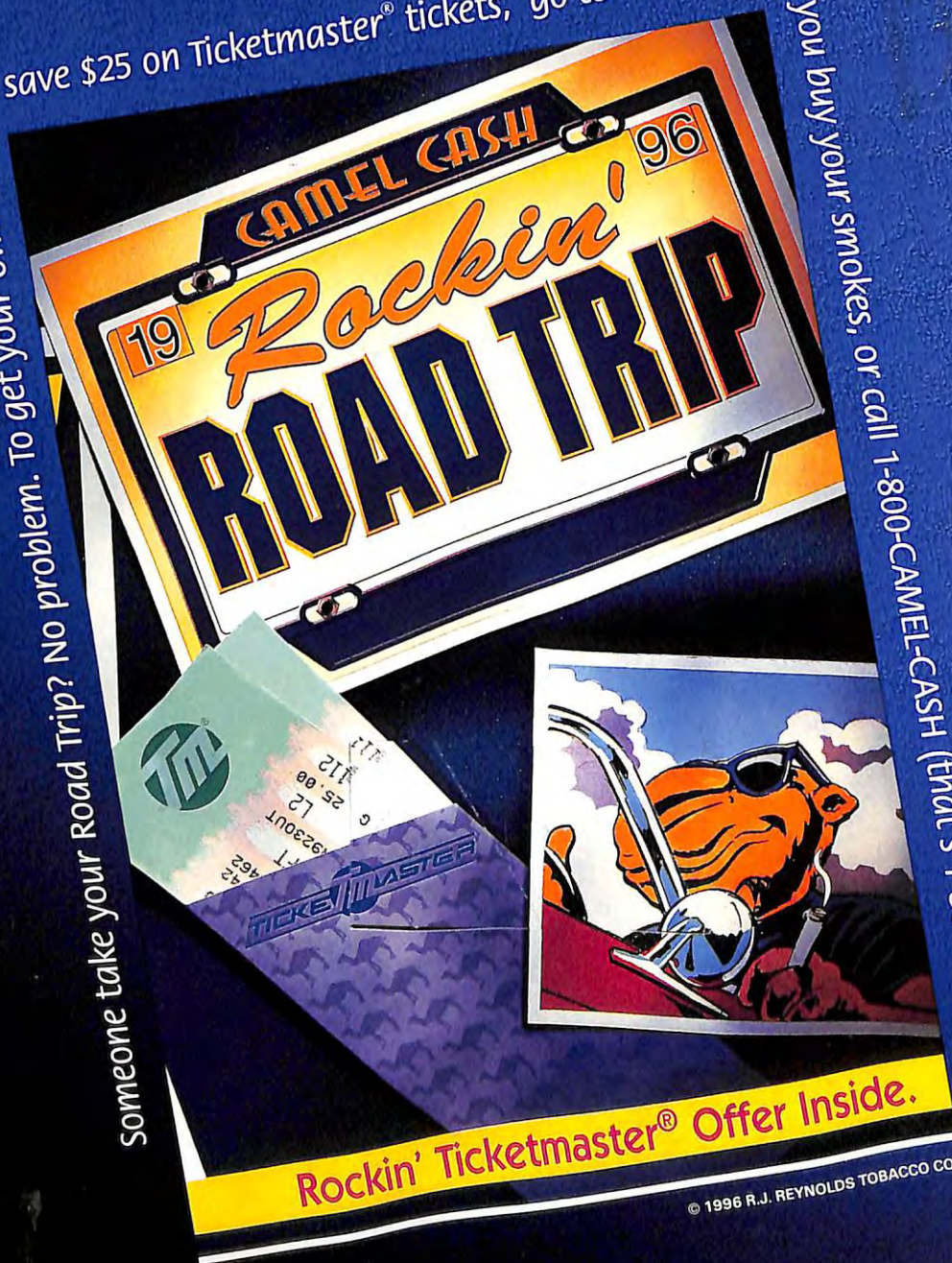


# Take a Rockin' Road Trip.

save \$25 on Ticketmaster® tickets, go to wherever

you buy your smokes, or call 1-800-CAMEL-CASH (that's 1-800-226-3522).

Someone take your Road Trip? No problem. To get your own and



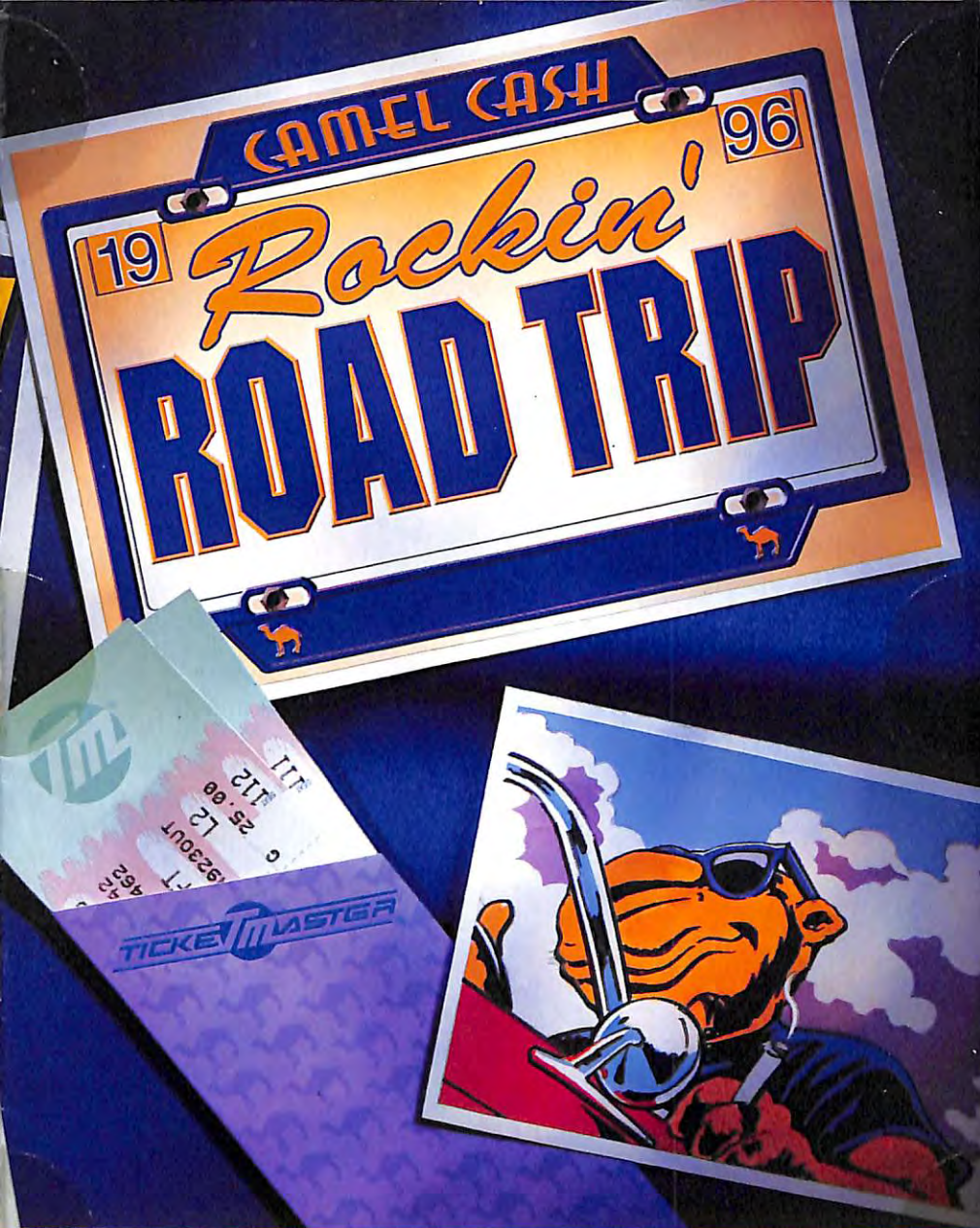
© 1996 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

**OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS  
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11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**





Rockin' Ticketmaster® Offer Inside.



# Now Camel Cash Gets You Concert Cash

## Ticketmaster® Gift Certificate (#01)

Get a \$25 gift certificate for tickets from Ticketmaster® with Camel Cash. And we're not just talkin' concerts. With these gift certificates, you could score tickets to just about any Ticketmaster® event. And it's only from Camel Cash.

Only 100 C-Notes

Tickets to any event are subject to availability. Gift certificate holder must personally appear at participating Ticketmaster ticket centers to redeem the gift certificates, and the gift certificates are nonrefundable, non-transferable and nonexchangeable for cash. Offer not available in the following areas/cities/states: Northern California (San Francisco, Oakland, Fresno, Sacramento, San Jose, Concord), Northern Nevada, Washington DC/Baltimore, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Austin, Alaska and Hawaii. Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

See ya! Me and the Hard Pack used our C-Notes, got our Ticketmaster® gift certificates, got our goods, and are hittin' the road to catch the hottest sounds in some of our favorite cities. Hey, don't worry, we'll write.

*Joe*

NYC. Cabbed it downtown to hear everything from classic rock to classic jazz, then hit the road with my new Sony.

*Max*

**N.Y.C.**



## Welcome to NEW YORK CITY



### 3D Camel Keychain (#02)

Take a camel for a ride in your car. Take it for a ride on your chopper. Take it anywhere — but only if it's attached to our sturdy metal keychain. (Or, in the case of a real camel, a really long leash.) Large, easy-open keyring. Camel measures  $1\frac{1}{4}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}'' \times \frac{1}{2}''$ , 2" chain.

**25 C-Notes**

### Buxton Purse (#03)

If it held any more stuff, you could pack it for the weekend. (Hair dryers don't fit, though. We tried.) Our stylish purse of top-grain, black leather has what you need to carry it all: lots of pockets, credit card slots, checkbook cover, change purse, mirror, removable 50" strap. Velcro®-close pouches for glasses, smokes (except Wides™) and lighter. Embossed Camel logo.  $8'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 2''$ .

**115 C-Notes**

### SONY Portable CD Player (#04)



This time the name definitely does not say it all. Sure, it's a CD player with AMS™ System, 8X oversampling and one bit digital to analog converter (for more accurate playback and distortion-free CD sound). But it's also an AM/FM stereo tuner and cassette deck with auto shut-off and soft eject. Direct record from CD or radio. AC power cord (included) or six "D" batteries (not included).  $19\frac{5}{8}'' \times 6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 9\frac{1}{2}''$ .

**700 C-Notes**





Duffel Bag (#09) (11" x 20 1/2" x 11")  
 Backpack (#10) (16" x 13 1/2" x 6 3/4")  
 Garment Bag (#11) (44" x 22" x 3")  
 Toiletries Bag (#12) (5 1/2" x 9 1/4" x 5")

### Genuine Leather and Canvas Travel Set (#08)

Our travel set has enough room to pack everything but the kitchen sink. (Then again, if it's not a really big sink...) Fully lined canvas with brown leather trim. Goldtone hardware with leather zipper-pulls. Duffel and garment bags feature matching luggage tags with embossed Camel logo. Reinforced bottoms and sturdy rolled handles. Set includes: duffel bag, backpack, garment bag and toiletries bag.

**695 C-Notes**

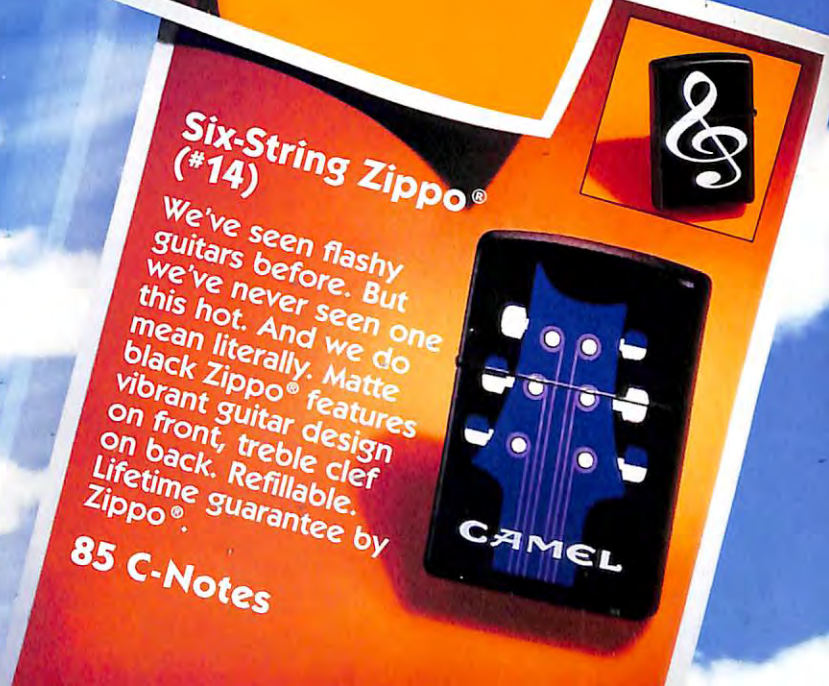
Also available separately. See order form items #09-#12.



### Timex® ADVENTURER™ with INDIGLO® night-light (#13)

Now you don't have to go to a club to get some blues. This rugged timepiece features a camel that appears only when the blue INDIGLO® night-light is activated. Dark brown resin case with copper-colored, ratcheting compass ring and 24-hour dial markings. Brown, genuine leather strap with embossed logo. Water resistant to 30 meters.

**195 C-Notes**



### Six-String Zippo® (#14)

We've seen flashy guitars before. But we've never seen one this hot. And we do mean literally. Matte black Zippo® features vibrant guitar design on front, treble clef on back. Refillable. Lifetime guarantee by Zippo®.

**85 C-Notes**

INDIGLO is a registered trademark of Indiglo Corporation.





**Khaki Camel Shirt  
(#15/#16)**

Wear it to the game. To the big concert. To your wedding. (Just kidding about the wedding. Do that and you'll probably be wearing it to the emergency room.) 100% heavy washed cotton twill. Velcro®-close front pockets. Double-needle stitching. Small sleeve pockets and inner strap to hold rolled-up sleeves in place. Two-button cuff. Camel logo on pocket label. Adult L & XL. Comes packed in a canvas drawstring bag.

**150 C-Notes**

**Leather Pack-and-Zippo® Holder (#17)**

This is the best combo we've heard of since Country & Western. Not only does it hold a full pack of your favorite Camels, but it also has a magnetic, snap-close pocket for your Zippo® lighter. Genuine black leather. Convenient design. loop. Embossed design. Cigarettes and Zippo® not included. Holds standard king-size smokes only.



**70 C-Notes**

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



reetings from Sunny

SEATTLE



### Cold Creek™ Boots by Columbia (#18-#31)

These boots were made for a lot more than walkin'. Fully lined, waterproof leather upper with padded collar and rust-proof D-rings and hooks. Molded footbed with contoured arch and heel cup. Cyber-Lite™ high-abrasion, ultra-light-weight midsole for shock absorption. Embossed Camel logo on leather upper. Men's/women's sizes in medium width only. See available sizes on order form items #18-#31. Order your normal shoe size.



395 C-Notes



Whether you prefer the mellow sound of blues or the fierce drive of rock 'n roll, the smooth taste of Camel Wides™ or the premium quality of Camel Special Lights™, it's all just a matter of genuine taste. You've got your own personal style. Make sure you never lose it.

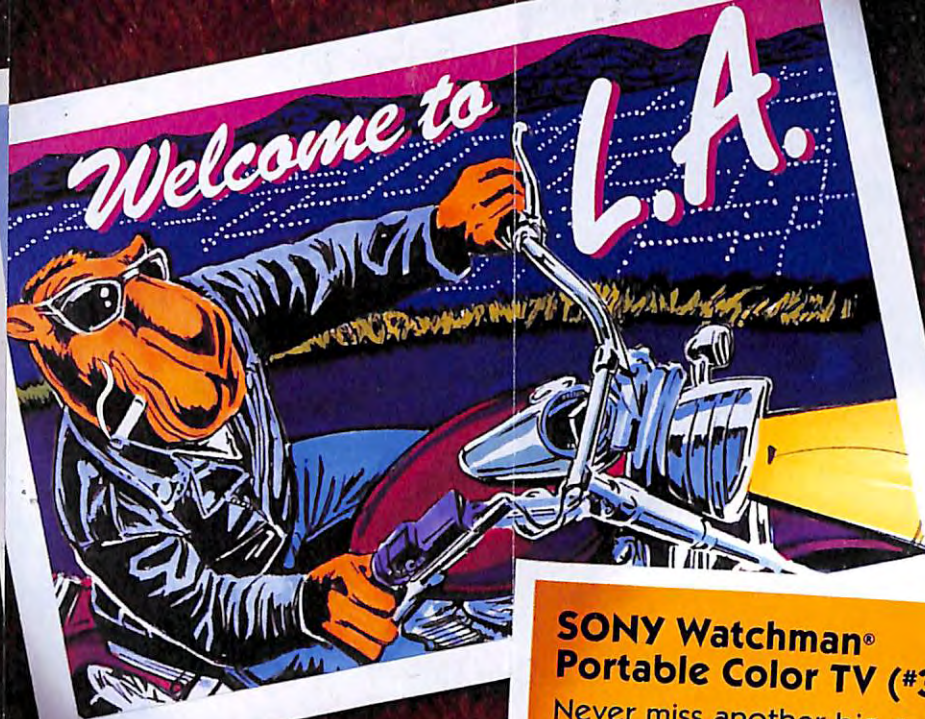


### Joe's Garage Jacket (#32/#33)

The delivery guy. Your mechanic. The postal clerk. Suddenly, it's not just a job—it's a fashion statement. Campy is in, and for good reason: it's fun. Our authentic garage jacket is made of 100% brushed cotton twill. Two front slash pockets. Zip front with camel pull. One chest pocket. Navy only. Adult L & XL only.

150 C-Notes





### SONY Watchman® Portable Color TV (#34)

Never miss another big game, favorite soap or sitcom again — even if you're outdoors or on the road. (Unless, of course, you're driving.) The Watchman® portable TV features a 2.2" color LCD screen and a built-in speaker for headphones-free listening. Features Straptenna™ neckstrap and voltage synthesized scan tuning for VHF/UHF channels. Optional AC adaptor or 4 "AA" batteries (not included). 3 1/4" x 6 1/8" x 1 3/4".

**825 C-Notes**



### MirrorBlue Retros from Panama Jack® (#35)

Who's the funkiest of them all? (Here's a hint: you're lookin' at 'em.) Blue-mirrored, smoked acrylic lenses. Sleek, matte black metal frame and tortoise-shell colored temples with wire core. Blocks 95% UVB and 60% UVA. Camel emblem on left temple. Comes with custom carrying case made of leather-wrapped metal and soft felt lining.

**80 C-Notes**

**"Z" Wraps from Panama Jack® (#36)**  
L.A. never sleeps. And just in case you didn't either, cover up in style with our new wraps. Intriguing "Z" trigger temples and curved black metal frame. Smoked acrylic lenses block 95% UVB and 60% UVA. Tortoise-shell colored tips. Camel emblem on left temple. Comes with custom carrying case made of leather-wrapped metal and soft felt lining.

**80 C-Notes**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



The road trip may be over, but the music isn't. Check out the rockin' sounds we heard on the road with our exclusive CDs.

## The Hard Pack



## Camel's Rockin' Road CDs and Cassettes (#37-#40)

On your next road trip, don't forget your goods, don't forget your Camels and don't forget — having to constantly switch radio stations from state to state is annoying. Keep the tunes coming and the signal strong with our exclusive CDs or cassettes from RCA Special Products. Each features some of the hottest artists in music.

**Each CD or Cassette  
70 C-Notes**



Choose from:

**True Blues (#37)** — with Otis Rush, Joe Ely, The Jeff Healey Band and more.

**Little Bit O' Country (#38)** — with Shenandoah, Lorrie Morgan, Alabama and more.

**Classic Rock (#39)** — with America, Deep Purple, The Doobie Brothers and more.

**Alternative (#40)** — with Matthew Sweet, Stone Roses, Graham Parker and more.



## And listen to this

You'll also receive a catalog with over 200 other titles you can get for just 70 C-Notes each\*. It's got everything from the greatest hits of Alabama and The Guess Who to Fishbone and Johnny Winter.

\*This is not a music club. There's no obligation to purchase other CDs or cassettes at any time.



ALL SHIPPING AND HANDLING COSTS ARE PAID FOR BY US. LUCKY YOU!

OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.  
OFFER BEGINS 3/1/96. ORDER MUST BE RECEIVED BY 11/30/96.

PLEASE ALLOW UP TO 16-24 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF SONY PORTABLE  
CD PLAYER AND SONY WATCHMAN® PORTABLE COLOR TV.

PLEASE ALLOW 12 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF ALL OTHER ITEMS.

- 1 PRINT YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER.
- 2 YOU MUST FILL IN BIRTHDATE AND SIGNATURE WHERE REQUESTED.
- 3 COMPLETE ALL QUESTIONS.
- 4 SELECT YOUR ITEMS.
- 5 ENCLOSE C-NOTES, ORDER FORM AND MAIL TO:

CAMEL CASH ROCKIN' ROAD TRIP  
P.O. Box 5752  
NORWOOD, MN 55583-5752

KEEP TRACK OF YOUR STUFF.  
WRITE DOWN WHAT YOU ORDERED FOR THE RECORD.

ITEMS ORDERED

TOTAL NUMBER OF C-NOTES

DATE ORDERED

IF YOU MOVE OR HAVE NOT RECEIVED YOUR STUFF WITHIN THE NUMBER OF WEEKS STATED ABOVE,  
PLEASE CALL 1-800-CAMEL-CASH (1-800-226-3522).

Tickets to any event are subject to availability. Gift certificate holder must personally appear at participating Ticketmaster ticket centers to redeem the gift certificates; and the gift certificates are nonrefundable, nontransferable and nonexchangeable for cash. Offer not available in the following areas/cities/states: Northern California (San Francisco, Oakland, Fresno, Sacramento, San Jose, Concord), Northern Nevada, Washington DC/Baltimore, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Alaska and Hawaii. Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking  
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

1 TO ENSURE ACCURACY, PLEASE PRINT NEATLY IN UPPER-CASE LETTERS  
AND NUMBERS, USING A BLACK OR DARK BLUE PEN.

A B C 1 2 3  
EXAMPLE

FIRST NAME  M.I.

LAST NAME

STREET NUMBER  STREET NAME

APT. #

CITY

STATE  ZIP CODE  DAYTIME PHONE

MALE ☐ FEMALE ☐

A B C (AREA CODE)

OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.

2 ORDERS WILL NOT BE PROCESSED WITHOUT SIGNATURE AND BIRTHDATE.

What is your birthdate?  Today's Date?  N77

Month Day Year Month Day Year

I certify that I am a smoker; that I am 21 years of age or older; and that I want to receive offers, premiums, coupons, or free cigarettes that may be sent to me in the mail. I understand that giving false information in order to accept these offers may constitute a violation of law.

SIGNATURE (required)

(first) (middle initial) (last)

3 What is your USUAL  
BRAND of cigarettes?

Is your USUAL BRAND? Mark one (x) Menthol ☐ Non-Menthol ☐

Out of the LAST TEN times you bought cigarettes, how many times did you buy your USUAL BRAND?  
(Please enter a number between 0 and 10 in the boxes to the right.)

What is your second choice brand (if any)?

(If you don't have a second choice brand, write "NONE" in the boxes above.)

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LIMIT: MAXIMUM OF 20 ITEMS PER ADDRESS, INDIVIDUAL OR HOUSEHOLD.

4	ITEM DESCRIPTION	ITEM NUMBER	QUANTITY ORDERED	C-NOTES EACH	TOTAL C-NOTES	ITEM DESCRIPTION	ITEM NUMBER	QUANTITY ORDERED	C-NOTES EACH	TOTAL C-NOTES
	TICKETMASTER® GIFT CERTIFICATE	01		100		WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 9	22		395	
	3D CAMEL KEYCHAIN	02		25		WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 9 1/2	23		395	
	BUXTON PURSE	03		115		WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 10	24		395	
	SONY PORTABLE CD PLAYER	04		700		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 8	25		395	
	LADIES' TIMEX® WATCH WITH INDIGLO® NIGHT-LIGHT	05		195		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 8 1/2	26		395	
	JOE'S FAVORITE BOXERS ADULT XL	06		35		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 9	27		395	
	"BLACK GOLD" T-SHIRT ADULT XL	07		40		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 9 1/2	28		395	
	GENUINE LEATHER AND CANYAS TRAVEL SET	08		695		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 10	29		395	
	GENUINE LEATHER AND CANYAS DUFFEL BAG	09		260		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 10 1/2	30		395	
	GENUINE LEATHER AND CANYAS BACKPACK	10		175		MEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 11	31		395	
	GENUINE LEATHER AND CANYAS GARMENT BAG	11		235		JOE'S GARAGE JACKET ADULT L	32		150	
	GENUINE LEATHER AND CANYAS TOILETRIES BAG	12		75		JOE'S GARAGE JACKET ADULT XL	33		150	
	TIMEX® ADVENTURER® WITH INDIGLO® NIGHT-LIGHT	13		195		SONY WATCHMAN® PORTABLE COLOR TV	34		825	
	SIX-STRING ZIPPO®	14		85		MIRRORBLUE RETROS FROM PANAMA JACK® WITH CASE	35		80	
	KHAKI CAMEL SHIRT ADULT L	15		150		"Z" WRAPS FROM PANAMA JACK® WITH CASE	36		80	
	KHAKI CAMEL SHIRT ADULT XL	16		150		FOR ITEMS 37-40 SELECT EITHER CD OR CASSETTE ONLY! MARK ONE ONLY (X) CD CASSETTE				
	LEATHER PACK-AND-ZIPPO® HOLDER	17		70		TRUE BLUES	37		70	
	WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 7	18		395		LITTLE BIT O' COUNTRY	38		70	
	WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 7 1/2	19		395		CLASSIC ROCK	39		70	
	WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 8	20		395		ALTERNATIVE	40		70	
	WOMEN'S COLUMBIA BOOTS SIZE 8 1/2	21		395		TOTAL ITEMS (LIMIT 20) / TOTAL C-NOTES				

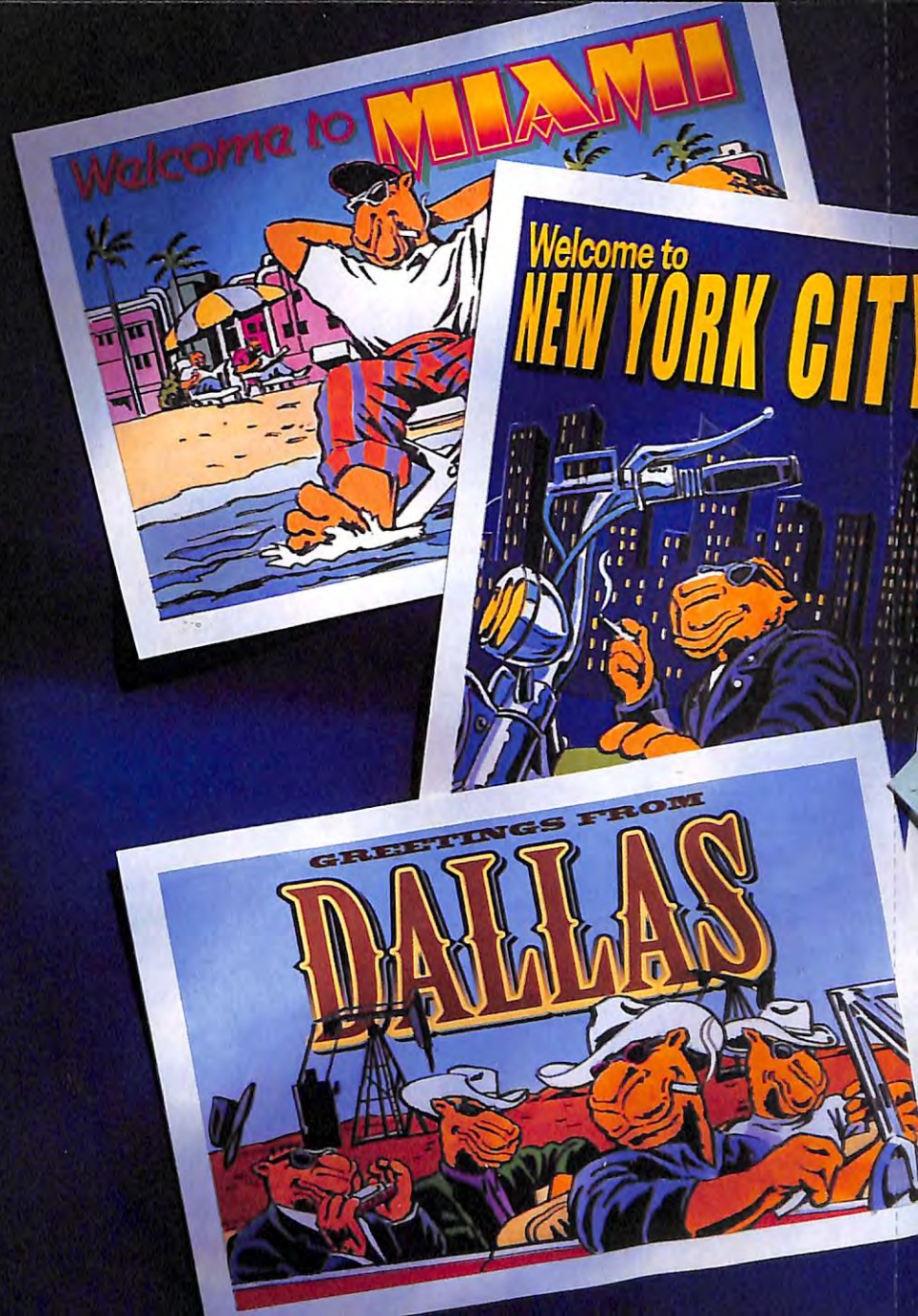




- OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.
- OFFER GOOD WHILE SUPPLIES LAST. SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED, SO ACT QUICKLY.
- PLEASE ALLOW UP TO 16-24 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF SONY PORTABLE CD PLAYER AND SONY WATCHMAN®.
- PLEASE ALLOW 12 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF ALL OTHER ITEMS.
- No facsimiles or copies of order form or proofs accepted.
- Fraudulent submission could result in federal prosecution under the U.S. Mail Fraud Statutes (18 United States Code, Sections 1341 and 1342).
- Order forms or proofs cannot be transferred, exchanged, reproduced, or sold.

- Not responsible for lost, late, damaged, misdirected or postage-due mail. Proof of mailing does not constitute proof of delivery.
- Orders and proofs will not be returned for requests in excess of proof requirements/Item limits or for any invalid proofs submitted.
- Requests from groups or organizations will not be honored or acknowledged.
- Offer void where restricted or prohibited by law.
- Offer good only in USA.
- We have the right to substitute within planned quantities.
- Consumer must pay postage when submitting order/proofs.
- All promotional costs paid by manufacturer.
- Proof/coupon value: 1/100 of 1 cent.
- Requests for additional order forms will not be honored or acknowledged.

ULTRA LIGHTS HARD PACK: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, ULTRA LIGHTS 100's HARD PACK: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, 99's LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, SPECIAL LIGHTS, SPECIAL LIGHTS SOFT PACK: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, SPECIAL LIGHTS 100's, CAMEL WIDES LIGHTS, LIGHTS HARD PACK, LIGHTS 100's, LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, FILTERS 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, CAMEL WIDES FILTERS: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, FILTERS, 99's FILTERS: 18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.







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4CBF5

***Rolling Stone***

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4CBG3

**Rolling Stone**



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# Marlboro

A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a dark horse in a corral. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored shirt, a cowboy hat, and a large, dark, flowing skirt. He is looking back over his shoulder at the camera. The horse is dark-colored and is running or galloping, kicking up dust. The background shows a wooden corral fence and a clear sky.

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